

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.

II.—WHAT HE SAW AT PALERMO.

By N. Roema.

I ONCE knew an old lady who was born at Palermo, but had left that city when very young. Her attachment, however, to her native place, and her reminiscences of it were so strong, that Palermo formed the point of comparison to her with everything she met with during the whole of her after life. If you spoke to her of the weather, she would commence her reply with, "When I was at Palermo." Did you criticise the opera, or comment on the roast beef at dinner, or relate the news of the day, you might safely predict, whether she eventually agreed to or dissented from your proposition, that "When I was at Palermo" would not fail to be brought in.

I also have been at Palermo, and though I do not compare everything I hear and see now with my experiences there, still I am fond of the place, and like to speak of it. I will, therefore, relate something of what I saw when I was at Palermo. That something shall be the celebration of the annual festival of St. Rosalie. Who this St. Rosalie had been when clothed in human flesh, and what pious acts she had performed to entitle her to a diploma of sanctity, I will briefly tell. She was a royal maiden; the daughter of a king who held his court at Palermo. She was extremely pious, and having become disgusted with the frivolities and temptations of her father's court, escaped from them, and fled to the neighboring mountains, where she spent the remainder of her days in austerity and contemplation. This procured her subsequently a place in the calendar. That she became a very influential saint will immediately be shown. Had she not been so, there would be no annual celebration in her honor, and I would have no story to tell.

Everybody knows that during the seventeenth century the plague raged fiercely over all Europe. It visited Palermo in 1624, where it made dreadful havoc. Terror and anguish were spread among the inhabitants; medicines and spells and prayers were alternately resorted to, but all without effect, the people continued to sicken and die.

There lived then in that city a cobbler, reputed for very great piety. This honest man one night dreamt that he had it in his power to stay the plague. All he had to do was to go in search of the bones of St. Rosalie, which he would find in a certain

cave on Mount Peregrino, a few miles from the city, and to bring them to Palermo. The day had hardly dawned when the cobbler hastened to communicate his dream to the Archbishop, who, overjoyed at the revelation, at once ordered a procession of monks to accompany the cobbler on his holy errand. The relics were discovered without much seeking; and being safely brought to Palermo, they were carried with great solemnity through every part of the city, where, as had been predicted in the dream, the plague suddenly ceased. This great event, which happened on the 15th of July, is the origin of the festival that has been kept up ever since, beginning several days previously, but having its great climax on that anniversary. The relics of the saint, enshrined in a coffin of solid silver, of beautiful workmanship, rest in the Cathedral, and the cave on Mount Peregrino has been changed into a magnificent chapel, adorned with marble, lapis lazuli and paintings.

What reward the good cobbler received from the citizens of Palermo for his meritorious dream, or what was his subsequent fate in life, I have never been able



TRIUMPHAL CAR USED AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF ST. ROSALIE, PALERMO.

to ascertain. With shameful neglect the historians of that day have omitted to record even the name of a man who rendered so great a service to his native city. This silence does not, however, necessarily imply that the discoverer of the talisman that saved them was treated with complete ingratitude by the Palermese. For all we know to the contrary, he may have been so loaded with wealth and dignity that the cobbler became merged in some mighty prince or duke, whose high-sounding name, without trace of its origin, still adorns the pages of history; or else, being of so remarkably pious a disposition, he may have been made abbot of some rich monastery, in which he passed the remainder of his life in happiness, and died in the odor of great sanctity.

Or can it be that my own eyes have actually beheld him? or, to speak more correctly, have beheld a mummy that once was he in the vaults of the Convent of Montreale, near Mount Peregrino? Did his countrymen withhold their reward until he had died, and then send his mortal remains to that convent for careful preservation?

For centuries past the monks of Montreale have practised the art of changing into mummies the bodies which they wished to preserve, by drying them on ovens especially constructed for the purpose. To be thus guarded against decay is a privilege enjoyed by themselves as a matter of right, but also extended to those who are sufficiently wealthy to bestow on the convent an adequate compensation.

Beneath the church of this convent are the lugubrious vaults, divided in many chambers, which contain the ghastly assemblage that has accumulated during so long a lapse of time—the dead of yesterday and the dead of centuries ago. Vault after vault, in glass cases by the hundred, stand upright, leaning against the walls, or lie in recumbent positions, each dressed in the garb he or she wore when alive—the monk in his cowl, the lady in her decayed frippery, the nobleman in his once magnificent gold-edged doublet, which now hangs in mocking tatters round his shrivelled remains. The state of preservation of these dried bodies, however, is not equal—being quite perfect in some, while others show symptoms of decay. The tongue of one who died two hundred years ago seems quite fresh, but the rest of his body is a mere skeleton, with a close-fitting tanned skin.

Was it, perhaps, the mummy of the cobbler, to which my venerable guide, a septuagenarian monk, pointed, when he told me that it had the property of curing severe inflammation, when touched by the patient? I was not far wrong in somewhat doubting this story, for when I took the monk aside, away from my travelling companions, and asked him if he really believed it to be true, he had to confess that the touch would remain inefficacious unless accompanied by a prayer to St. Barnabas! Unfortunately, the identity above conjectured did not occur to me at the time, and hence I shall for ever remain unenlightened on this interesting subject.

The hideous sight around me, however suggestive of serious reflections, was sufficiently powerful to bewilder my mind, and divert my thoughts from anything that tended to disturb the melancholy solemnity of the moment.

But let me leave these saddening reminiscences, and exchange them for others of a more agreeable kind, by returning to the gay festival at Palermo.

It was some years ago my good fortune to arrive at Palermo a few days before the festival. This was so long since that I do not remember the exact order of the acts into which the festival is divided. On one day, however, there was an immense procession, consisting of the different orders of monks, of the various trades, and of fishermen, the monks carrying the silver coffin of St. Rosalie. On another day a triumphal car, so high that its summit was on a level with the top windows of four-story houses, and drawn by forty-six oxen, perambulated the Toledo, the principal street of Palermo; and the last day closed with a general illumination and with fireworks, such as can be seen in no country but Italy. Trades processions in America or in Northern Europe are generally very tame affairs. You are soon tired of looking at a few thousand men all dressed in black, with countenances equally commonplace, trudging past you, without reminding you of anything of the past, or inspiring interest as to the present. The only exception is, perhaps, the procession on Lord Mayor's Day in London, when the different costumes, the shape of the carriages, the trappings of the horses, &c., are reminiscences of the middle ages. But even that procession cannot be compared with the processions in the Southern Catholic countries, moving on, as they do, full of life and spirit. The costumes are not got up merely for the occasion. The expression of the southern countenance is well adapted to a picturesque attire, and the moving mass is only dressed as you meet men daily in the streets, and yet as their forefathers were dressed hundreds of years ago. Equally familiar has the visitor to the South already become with the different orders of monks and their peculiar garbs—Franciscan, Black-friars, Capuchins, &c.—the same to-day as represented in the pictures of old. The spectator of these processions reads a living chapter of history, in which to-day and the sixteenth and even earlier centuries are curiously blended.

Every year a new triumphal car is used, and its construction and decorations give scope to the employment of much ingenuity and taste. The year I speak of its body was shaped like a shell, and gaily painted and gilt. It carried a throne or altar of immense height, richly ornamented, and tapering off in drapery and clouds, on the summit of which stood a stuffed figure, representing St. Rosalie in praying attitude.

The foot of the throne was surrounded by other female figures, with wings, dressed in flowing drapery, holding each other by the hands, and in attitudes as if they were dancing round in great rejoicing. Near them were a host of little naked and winged angels, playfully busy with wreaths and green twigs, and with a festoon of flowers which hung round the sides of the car in easy gracefulness. At the top there was a group of still smaller angels holding by the drapery, climbing up the clouds or blowing long fanfares or trumpets. Under the throne were broad seats, rising above each other like steps of a staircase, on which were seated musicians, who performed on their instruments all the way, and young girls dressed in white. If any of these children should by accident fall down from the car and be crushed to death under its wheels, its parents, instead of grieving, would rejoice, firmly believing that their daughter had died in the service of St. Rosalie and of the Holy Virgin, whom she would at once meet in Paradise; not unlike the votaries of Jugernaut, who voluntarily prostrate themselves to be killed under the wheels of their idol's carriage.

Quite in front of the car was seated the figure of a crowned king, with some kind of bird standing before him, and beside him a good female figure with a branch in her hand. The car was followed by crowds of spectators, whose animated countenances and many-colored attire added considerably to the interest and enjoyment of the scene.

On the evening of the last day, I was invited by an English family, for whom I had brought letters, to tea, and subsequently to accompany them to view the illumination and the fireworks. The meal over, we sallied forth through the still unilluminated streets. I was under the impression that we were merely to perambulate the streets; but having arrived before a large palace-looking building, all dark in front, we entered the *porte cochère*, and ascended a very broad and very high staircase up to the second floor. The door was opened, and I found myself on a sudden in a magnificent apartment, brilliantly lit up, and

in the midst of a large party of ladies and gentlemen. Having been duly introduced to the hostess, an elegant and beautiful woman, I was led through a long suite of rooms filled with company, and all lit up (except the last room, which had no lights), out upon an immense terrace, where another part of the company was assembled.

The sight which here met my astonished eyes was truly magic. We were on elevated ground, and all Palermo lay spread before us in brilliant illumination. It was as light as noonday, and we could distinctly recognize the countenances of the thousands of people that moved about on the beautiful promenade called the Marina. From the floor immediately below projected a terrace like ours, where another large party were assembled to enjoy the sight. Near us in the street was erected a tent for the royal family, who every year come across from Naples to attend the festival. There was the King, who then had not as yet gained for himself the significant appellation of "Bomba," but was simply called King Ferdinand; there was the Queen, and there was Princess Giannuarina, who could boast of more *embonpoint* than is considered becoming in so young a lady, and one too of so high a rank. She was at that time engaged to the Emperor of Brazil, whose wife she now is. The royal personages were surrounded by a brilliant court.

The clear azure sky above us, the balmy air, the illumination, the thousands and thousands of spectators, the elegant company near us, all combined to enhance the enjoyment of the fireworks, in themselves already so beautiful and perfect. They lasted a considerable time, and consisted in a variety of subjects. The one, however, that most impressed itself on my memory was a representation of the celebrated cathedral in Milan. There it stood before you with its graceful and surrounding turrets, gates and windows in the purest outline of vivid fire or of molten gold.

At last the fireworks came to an end; the court left, the crowds in the streets dispersed, and our company on the terrace retired into the drawing-rooms, to discuss with rapture what they had just seen, and to refresh themselves with ices. We, my English friends and myself, took leave of our charming hostess and started into the streets to view the illumination closer by. There were many very tasteful and interesting designs, but we had enjoyed the *ensemble* from our terrace to such a degree that we could not sufficiently appreciate the details. At a late hour I parted from my friends, carrying with me reminiscences of the most delightful kind. And this is what I saw when I was at Palermo.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Congressional Summary.

SENATE.—The Pacific Railway bill was debated. Mr. Brown denounced it as a fruitful source of discord. The great speech was Mr. Seward's, who said, that to the delay in building this railroad was owing the Mormon and Kansas difficulties. A call has been made on the Secretary of War for information on the Utah army contracts. A resolution was also made to adjourn on the 7th June. Mr. Houston has given notice of a motion concerning Mexico, with the view of forming a Protectorate. A memorial from the Legislature of Utah has been laid on the table. There has not been much done owing to the adjournment in consequence of Mr. Benton's funeral.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—On the 14th a demand was made for a conference on the Kansas Question, which, on a division, was a tie, 108 to 108.—The Speaker then gave the casting vote in favor of the Administration. A River and Harbor bill involving improvements to the amount of \$1,500,000 has been introduced; Hell Gate, Diamond Reef and Hudson river are included. In the lobby there was the pleasant little interlude of a passage-at-arms between Mr. Craig, of North Carolina, and Mr. Helper—the latter the author of a pamphlet called "The Present Crisis."

Insurrection in Antigua.

There has been an insurrection in Antigua. It was commenced by some negroes, who attacked the police. Several have been killed, and martial law has been proclaimed. Despatches have been sent to Guadalupe and Barbadoes for a military force and a British war steamer. Later accounts announce that the streets were patrolled by armed men, and all was quiet. A French troop had arrived, but were not landed, as they were not required. They remained, however, to guard against another outbreak.

Utah.

News to the 5th of January has been received from the Mormons. Those who believe it, it appears, have resolved to fight. There is, however, reason to believe they will not be called upon to do this, since it is rumored our President has dispatched Colonel Kane, brother to the Arctic voyager, on a special mission to them. The Colonel, although not a Mormon himself, has lived among them, and for a wonder, being a respectable man, is very popular with the polygamical reprobates.

Latest from California.

The Star of the West has brought four or five days late news. Her date is March 22d—her treasure \$1,325,000 in gold, and 143 passengers. There was nothing of any political importance. Two young ladies had taken the veil at Sacramento on the 10th, and on the 13th nearly two thousand cattle were drowned by the heavy rains in the upper Sacramento. We may mention as a pleasant item that a company of Germans had purchased 300 acres, and were converting it into a vineyard. It is in Cedar Ravine, El Dorado county. The best judges declare California to be capable of producing the finest grapes. The Germans were also making great preparations for a grand turnout at Sonora on the 26th and 27th of May. The rancho of Mr. Oden, who was absent at the time, was burnt on the 14th ult. It was near San Juan, Monterey. In its ashes were found the remains of Mrs. Oden, her four children, and Miss Burns, their governess. It is supposed they were murdered. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace are playing in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. John Wood are in Sacramento. Yankee Adams and Miss Bowena Granice were married on the 6th of March in Sacramento. Generally speaking, theatricals dull. Much interest has been created by a Chinese Regatta at Sacramento on the 17th ult. Six boats were entered. They were manned by butchers, two by fishermen, and two by washmen. The stakes amounted to \$1,250. The race was well contested, and witnessed by an immense assemblage of Celestials, New Yorkers, Californians, and the rest of the world. A large number of the Legislative Assembly were there. In boring an Artesian well in Stockton, the borer struck a red wood stump 350 feet below the surface of the ground, and 250 feet below the level of the Pacific Ocean. It was through strata of clay and sand, and geologists affirm was formed hundred of thousands of years ago. Reports from San Bernardino state that 840 discontented Mormons, including women and children, are on their way from Salt Lake to Los Angeles. The price of drinks in Sonora has been reduced from a quarter to a bit (i. e. 25 cents to 12½¢). A strange instance of the increasing spread of the English language has been afforded in the breaking up of the French Dramatic Company, which has been here for the last seven years. The population of the French has increased, but as they acquire English they prefer the American theatres.

Later from Venezuela.

News from Caracas is up to the 31st of March. A Provisional Government had been formed, and a new President was to be elected. The late President Monagas had been delivered up by the French Minister to General Castro, and he was, with others, to take his trial. It appears that the Monagas family bagged seventy-six per cent. of the custom-house receipts. This is nearly as bad as our New York government. In their joy at the downfall of the tyrant, the ladies of Caracas had agreed to give up their hoops for seven days—a piece of practical rejoicing inapplicable to us. There is little of special interest from the South American Republics. The civil war in Peru still raged, and the Vivanco party had gained some advantages over Castilla's forces. In Chile the people were preparing for their elections. The U. S. ships-of-war *Vandalin* and *Merrimac* were at Valparaiso on the 28th of March. On the 11th of March a violent shock of an earthquake had been felt at Callao, but no damage done.

Murder of Samuels.

The inquest closed on Monday last, the verdict being to the effect that he was murdered by some person or persons unknown, and entirely exonerating Smithson and Curtis, who had been arrested on suspicion, without the slightest foundation for such an act. The Coroner could not resist the temptation to make a speech, and so he gave some advice to Smithson—why we cannot discover. This trial has shown in a most unenviable light the tendency of boarding-house-keepers and their daughters to fix upon any defaulting boarder all the unappropriated crimes of the day. We presume the lady who gave her opinion that Smithson was the criminal, considers that the man who leaves his house without paying a week's board is capable of forgery, while a month's default is an undetected murder. Seriously speaking, if the Coroner had given that lady a little sound advice it would have been more to the purpose. A reward has been offered for the apprehension of the guilty parties.

Overflow of the Mississippi.

In consequence of a flood in White and Arkansas Rivers, the Mississippi has risen between Natchez and Memphis higher than ever known before. At Napoleon the water was five feet in the streets. All along the river men and cattle had taken to the flatboats, but many of the latter had been drowned.

Infamous Practical Joke.

A Philadelphia paper gives an account of an infamous joke played upon a respectable citizen of that place. Meeting some young men near his own residence, one of them politely offered him a cigar in which a quantity of gunpowder had been maliciously secreted. The sight of the unfortunate man has been materially injured by the explosion. He is unable to give any clue to lead to their detection.

Music in Washington.

Amid all the turmoil of politics the collective wisdom of the Republic occasionally extends its ears to Verdi and Bellini. The short season of four nights of Italian opera was inaugurated the other night at Stuart's Bijou Theatre with success, there being \$1,500 in the house.

The Little Murder.

The absurd length to which the challenging juries is being carried will soon put an end to all justice; for without a man is a positive fool or a liar, he is not fit to try a case. The same difficulty is spreading into the country, for we find that the trial of the Stouts for the murder of Mr. Little was delayed for some days on this palpable evasion of the law.

A Millionaire Restitutor.

The late Charles McMicken, of Cincinnati, has bequeathed to the Corporation of that city the enormous sum of \$800,000, for the immediate erection of two Free Institutes for the support, clothing and education of orphan males and females. The property devised for the site of the colleges is on the Hamilton Road, near Cincinnati. They are to be educated till aged eighteen, and then apprenticed to some trade; and should any male pupil marry a female pupil of the colleges, or vice versa, such couple to receive a loan of \$500 at 6 per cent.

The Bourbons again.

The Rev. Eleazer Williams, alias Louis XVII., has had another mysterious passage of arms with Destiny. He was sitting in his room a few days ago, in Washington, when an assassin of the true Lester style of excellence entered, brandished a dagger, grappled with the Bourbon, who cried murder. The man escaped before succor came. These remarkable and mysterious escapes are suspicious.

Fast in Boston.

The annual Fast was held on Thursday, 15th of April, in Boston, with great strictness, business being entirely suspended. In the morning the churches were crowded; in the evening, the theatres. In the afternoon the Common was covered with thousands, to witness the athletic sports of the young Bostonians.

Honor to Henry Clay.

Large meetings were held in many of our leading cities, on the 12th, to celebrate the birthday of this eminent statesman. In Philadelphia they celebrated the solemn occasion by mixing up party politics, and passing resolutions more redolent of Lecompton than Ashland. National salutes were also fired at sunrise. It is a pity our politicians do not imitate the patriotism of Washington, Clay, Webster and Calhoun, and keep their principles as well as their birthdays.

Another Kosztka Case.

There is quite an excitement in Paducah, Ky., about a young Prussian, whom the Prussian Government has claimed under the Extradition Treaty. His name is Dealing, and he fled to this country, in 1857, with a young lady of the ballet, named Felicitas Bernadine, who has lately been confined with a bouncing young Kentuckian. Stein & Co., the Cologne bankers, say he is a runaway clerk of theirs, whom, having forged their name, they demand to have punished under their own mild Prussian laws. Last week, as Dealing and his Tagliani were in their room at the hotel—the lady nursing her young citizen, and the gentleman reading—their quiet was invaded by Bowyer, the New York detective, a Prussian detective, a New York lawyer and a Kentucky magistrate. The Kentucky boys swear the young German is not a rogue but a refugee, and that the King of Prussia wants to put him to death for political and not civil offences—in a word, that he is a martyr and not a criminal. We may be sure that justice will be done, as Kentucky is "sound upon the goose question."

Death of Gen. Thomas.

We regret to announce the death of Gen. Thomas, Assistant-Secretary of State to Mr. Marcy. He died in Paris, aged 51 years. He was the Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post*.

Hon. William Marks.

Died in Beaver, Pa., on the 10th. He was 78 years of age. He entered the Legislature in 1810; in 1827 he was elected a Senator, and was the friend of all the great men of our day. For five years he was the colleague of Col. Benton in the Committee of Military Affairs, and although differing in politics, was his warm personal friend. It was a strange coincidence that they both died the same day.

Another Young Man Missing.

John Moore, 179 East Twenty-third street, has been missing since the 11th. He was 21 years of age. He had in his possession a gold watch, diamond ring and a large sum of money when he left home. These mysterious disappearances are becoming quite alarming. Soon it will not be safe to venture out after dusk.

Rev. Dudley A. Tyng.

This eloquent preacher has met with a shocking accident, owing to his dressing-gown becoming entangled in the wheels of a corn-shelling machine, by which his arm was lacerated in a frightful manner from the elbow to the shoulder, severing the main artery, as well as the vein. He is not out of danger.

GENERAL AND LOCAL GOSSIP.

Overflow of Colored Valor.

Brooklyn has been the scene of a darkey duel; the combatants rejoiced in the names of Queen Decker and William Robinson. The latter received a ball in that part of the human anatomy called the calf, and he will probably have to lose the leg which owns that particular calf. Of course a Dinah was at the root of this evil between Caesar and Pompey.

A Gallant Thief.

A Mrs. Florence was shopping the other day in Broadway, where she purchased seventy dollars' worth of crinoline. She then drove to Canal street to complete her bargains, leaving the crinoline in her carriage. She remained so long picking and choosing, and talking no doubt to a nice young milliner, that her coachman went to sleep. While he dreamt some admirer of crinoline opened the carriage door, and walked off with the precious encaser of feminine loveliness. Ladies who drive out shopping should either have coachmen with eyes all around their head, or have a Herring's patent safe placed in the carriage.

Sickles, Jobson and Bennett.

Jobson has commenced an action against the respected proprietor of the *Herald* for writing sundry "annihilators" against Mr. Sickles, whereupon the Napoleon of the press denies the soft impeachment, and defends himself by saying that the articles were defamatory of private citizens. When our high-spirited friend, Daniel Sickles knows who really was the author we should imagine that some threshing machines will be needed.

The Danger of Dandyism.

Three burglars entered the store of Mr. Primer, Grand street, some nights ago, and helped themselves to upwards of three hundred dollars' worth of ready made clothing. On the plea possibly that exchange is no robbery they each of them put on a new and fashionable suit, leaving their old ones in the stead. Unfortunately for these gentlemen in the pocket of one of the cast-off inexpressibles was a policy slip, which was a great slip in their policy, for it led to their arrest.

Consul at Florence.

Gen. Mallet has been appointed Consul at Florence. The *Tribune* is especially irate at the appointment, since there is one at Leghorn, which is very near, and closes by saying, "We have just as much need of a commercial agent at Florence as a lead has of two tails!"

Hotel Waiters.

Those useful gentlemen, waiters, who so often contribute to our comfort and exert our patience, had a grand mass meeting last Tuesday, in which they agreed to demand six dollars a month, or strike. They are now paid only from twelve to fourteen dollars per month. They certainly are not overpaid.

Asking Too Much for Fifty Cents!

The editor of a Pennsylvania paper says: "A gentleman, the other day, brought a bottle of sour water into our office, with a request that we would name it as being excellent Lemon Beer. If Jean had been green enough to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we shall tell a five dollar lie for fifty cents!" Virtue still has a representative in the Quaker State. He may, however, be the last of the Romans.

Peppering a Company.

A half-playful, half-serious practical joke was perpetrated last week in Springfield, Mass., by a couple of young apothecaries, which spread dismay through a large company of ladies and gentlemen who were assembled in the hospitable mansion of the father of one of the young druggists. Having access to the drawing-room, they liberally sprinkled the floor with finely-powdered Cayenne pepper. As the room grew warm and the exercise of dancing gave additional volatility to the pungent particles, a general desire to sneeze, accompanied by red eyes and other uncomfortable symptoms, spread a state of considerable doubt over the minds of all, whether they were not laboring under a sudden attack of influenza. One of the young apothecaries gave his opinion they were all sickening for the measles, while the other said he fervently hoped they had all been vaccinated. One of the victims said it was amusing to see the simultaneous bobbing of heads, and the continuous roar of sneezes reminded him of the discharge of artillery at Sebastopol. In short, it broke up the party. Napoleon sending his prisoners to Cayenne probably gave the idea to the young heroes.

Street Commissioners.

The Court of Appeals having decided in favor of Devlin against Conover, the Mayor suspends Devlin till the charges against him are investigated.

Lola Montes.

This far-famed lady concluded her Hope Chapel Lectures on the 13th, by reciting her own biography. She described her platonic friendship for King Louis, her earnest endeavor to make a man of him—the grand idea she instilled into his royal mind—the indignation of the Jesuits thereat; her banishment and flight to Switzerland; her return in the disguise of a boy; her last interview with the old king, who, rather than become a despot, after Lola's good advice, abdicated in favor of his son. Her visit to London, then to the United States; her trip to California, and her farewell series of lectures. She denied all undue indulgence in husbands, bull-dogs and cowhides, and finished with a quotation from Byron.

A New Tale of the Tub.

A tale of horror has been nipped in the bud. Last Tuesday morning, as our worthy Mayor Tiemann was sitting in his private office, dictating a dispatch to his esteemed clerk Mr. Auld, one of his aids entered, nearly staggering under a tub, which had been found at the New Jersey Depot, addressed to W. B. Van Worst, Esquire, New Brunswick, New Jersey. "Your honor," says the star, twinkling mysteriously at the Mayor, "this, no doubt,

contains a most dreadful crime!" "What makes you think so?" inquired the Mayor, recoiling with horror. "Just smell," returned the police officer. "I know the smell of a corpse." "Good gracious!" exclaimed Auld. "Just put your nose here, your honor!" earnestly urged the other, taking a sniff at it himself. "I'd rather not," replied the Mayor; "Auld, do me the favor of smelling for me." Auld bent down, and took a smell. "Awful!" cried he. "Send for the Coroner," ordered his honor. The Coroner was sent for. In the meantime Auld amused himself by drawing up a proclamation of ten thousand dollars reward for the discovery of the unknown perpetrators! When the Coroner came the box was opened, and lo! there were discovered a lot of old boots and clothes. In five minutes the box was on its way to New Brunswick!

Bogus Gift Enterprises.

Mayor Tiemann is carrying on the war against these swindling concerns with considerable vigor. Three have been broken up during the week. There were no less than 3,800 letters addressed to these firms in the New York post office last Monday! The Mayor opens the letters and returns the money enclosed in them, with a lithographed note of good advice and caution.

Murder in Canal Street.

Maroney, who shot young Hamilton, last November, in a drinking saloon near Hudson street, has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

Another Murder.

Michael Wogan, for shooting Cassidy, was sentenced to four years.

A French Guy Faux.

We understand that at the approaching Orsini demonstration it is proposed to drag an effigy of Louis Napoleon through the streets of New York, and at a certain point it is to be blown to atoms by some infernal machine, amid shouts of *Vive la République!* We would advise these enthusiastic gentlemen to take care they do not kill or maim anybody but the man of straw stuffed for the occasion, or perhaps Orsini's fate may be theirs!

A New York Spy.

The brute who cut off the ears of John Jones, some few weeks ago, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment—he deserved to have his own clipped.

True Philanthropy.

General Superintendent Tallmadge has at last proposed a measure which, if carried out, will insure for him the thanks of the community. It is to put an end to street begging by offering all the able-bodied men work, at a fair rate, to clean the streets; and in the event of their declining, to arrest and punish them under the vagrant act. The chief good will be effected with the poor children, who are hired by beggars at so much a day, to work upon the compassion of the passengers. These are almost invariably drugged by these rascals to keep them quiet. Tallmadge proposes sending these poor wags of humanity to the institution in Blackwell's Island, and taking care of the women in the Female Institution there. There are more poor little innocent children killed by exposure to the weather in one year in New York than Herod slew in Jewry. We trust that no short-sighted humanitarian will interfere with this excellent resolution.

Diamonds for Stars.

The Sons of Malta contemplate presenting Captain Dilkes with a diamond pin worth 500 dollars. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!" Who are the Sons of Malta? what are the Sons of Malta? and what do they do when they meet?

The Colossal Charity Ball.

The Committee have issued a circular: they have four thousand dollars in hand, and have yet to receive considerably more, not having settled with all who sold tickets. They contemplate giving another in May. Those who lost hats, cloaks, furs and temper the other night may regain all by attending the next. Exchange is no robbery!

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

Summary of Parliamentary News, March 19 to March 27.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—Earl Derby said Government had no intention of altering the system of education in Ireland. Lord Brougham called the attention of the House to the attempt to restore slavery in Jamaica. Lord Ellenborough postponed till next year his bill to enlist Kroomen for the service in India, as it would necessitate certain alterations in the Mutiny Act. The House then adjourned till the 12th of April.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The Government system of granting army commissions to gentlemen who raised so many men, called forth considerable animadversion. General Peel admitted that the principle was bad, and had been discontinued. It had, however, answered its purpose, for it had raised 36,000 men in six months, being more than double the usual rate of recruiting under the ordinary plan. Mr. D'Israeli gave notice of his intention to bring in a bill transferring the Government of India from the East India Company to the Queen. Lord John Russell's bill to admit Jews into Parliament led to a severe debate, in which Roebuck, Maguire, Russell, Sir R. Bethell, and many others took part. Mr. Newdegate moved an amendment, which was lost by 297 to 144. The bill will be read a third time on the 12th of April. The passport system led to a lively debate, in which the poet, Monckton Milnes, and Mr. Walters, of the *Times*, were very severe on the Belgian and French Governments. Mr. Fitzgerald and Lord Palmerston said that they had no right to dictate to foreign Governments in their internal arrangements, although they admitted it vexatious and impolitic. The bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister was then carried by 115 to 62.

INDIAN NEWS.

The news are from Bombay 9th March; Lucknow, 8th March. On the 1st March Sir Colin Campbell reached Alumbagh, and pushed on a heavy force to Dilkoska Gardens, within a mile of Lucknow. Sir James Outram, who commanded at Alumbagh, had defeated, on the 21st and 25th February, the rebels with heavy slaughter. On the 6th, with 6,000 men and thirty guns, he crossed the Goomtee and took up his position on the eastern side of Lucknow. Gen. Franks had also joined Sir Colin with a column from Gorakhpore, 4,000 strong. The total force of the British army was 50,000 men, with 10,000 cavalry and 120 guns. The general attack was to be made on the 10th March. Generals Rose and Whitelock were advancing on the Jhansi and Allahabad to intercept the rebels in those directions. As Gen. Franks was advancing from Gorakhpore he gained a brilliant victory over a large body of the enemy, near Shandua, in which he killed 2,800 men and took all their guns. The London *Times* has commenced the publication of letters from its special correspondent, the world-renowned Mr. W. H. Russell, of Crimean celebrity. He dates from the camp of the Commander-in-Chief. The sepoys had erected strong defences—they were determined to fight, but one party of them were anxious to treat with Sir Colin. It seems that after all the old King of Delhi's trial is not quite finished. The London *Times* says that the result clearly proves, first, that the Shah of Persia was the instigator of the revolt; secondly, that a Mahomedan, named Mahomed Dervish, revealed the whole plot to Mr. Colvin six weeks before it broke out, and that stolid Briton treated the information with silent contempt; and thirdly, that the murders were perpetrated by the direct order of the old miscreant Mogul.

CHINA.

News from China to 15th Feb. The allied ambassadors, having ordered things all right in Canton, were to proceed northward to Peking in about three weeks. The correspondent of the London *Times* says that all the great Powers, namely, America, England, France and Russia, are all united in one action now with regard to the Chinese question. They have invited the Emperor to send a special minister to meet them at Shanghai; if not, they will proceed to capture Peking. In consequence of the better order reigning now in Canton and the announcement that the taxes would be reduced, the chief Chinese merchants were returning, and the barbarian rule was rather popular. The Chinese are a great nation, that's a fact!

FRANCE.

The most conflicting reports were in circulation—among others that Persigny was to be Minister of State and Achille Fould to take the Finance Department. It is certain that the Emperor has had a consultation with some of his chief financiers and manufacturers, and that some had recommended an approximation to the English system of free trade. This would, of course, regain much of his British popularity.

LATEST BY THE AFRICA.

The dates are to the third inst. From England there is nothing of importance. France is apparently quiet in her own dominions, but squabbling with Switzerland and Sardinia on the refugee question. The fall of Palmerston has broken the spell of Napoleon's power. The *Patrie* advises the Paris conference to demand of England the restitution of the Crimea to the Red Sea. Secret societies are discovered every day—one at Troyes called the *Jeuneurs*. The Austrian Government has demanded an explanation of Count Walewski of some publications in the *Moniteur*. Napoleon had better give up his editorial duties, or he will have some strong-minded authors coming with a cowhide to demand satisfaction for remarks on some of her pet Senators. The first cargo has arrived in Liverpool from the river Niger. The Sublime Port has rejected the demand of the French ambassador to authorize the cutting of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. The Kings of Naples and Piedmont are quarrelling about the Cagliari. Spain has ordered three additional vessels of war to the Gulf of Mexico.

Important to Americans Visiting Europe.

Mr. Baylor, United States Consul at Manchester, has issued the following: "The following note has been received at this Consulate from the American Minister at London:

"U. S. LEGATION, LONDON, March 31, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR—The passports from this Legation to France will be promptly furnished to any American citizen having an introductory note from you. To make it effective, however, for a visit to France, the visa of the French Consul here is necessary. The procuring of this visa is a matter for the bearer of the passport to attend to. There is no difficulty in obtaining the visa promptly during office hours.

"The expense of the visa of the French Consul must be paid by the applicant. American citizens, therefore, who contemplate visiting France, and are not provided with passports, should provide themselves by application to the Legation in London. Those who are already provided with passports, by applying to this Consulate will have every facility afforded to enable them to obtain the visa of the French Consul in London without unnecessary delay.

"C. G. BAYLOR."

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

The Submarine Telegraph.

The Niagara had been most heartily welcomed back to Plymouth, and a cloud of invitations fell upon her officers. The cable was being put into her with all dispatch. The Agamemnon and two other war vessels were all ready to co-operate with the Niagara in this grand undertaking.

Mazzini Again.

Mazzini had published a long and violent letter to the Emperor Napoleon in the London *Advertiser*. Also another addressed to the Genoese Judges.

A Bright Idea.

Mr. Bright, the Quaker member, in reply to an application to attend a meeting on emigration, after saying that a reformed Parliament spend twenty millions a year more than Wellington and Peel did, says, "I am not surprised that sensible men should wish to quit a country where the burthens are so heavy, and the political privileges of three-fourths of them are so few. Every man who is not prepared to compel a better and more economical Government at home should emigrate, or the pauperism of his day will be deeper, and more without remedy in the days of his children."

Washington's Birthday.

An English paper enumerates several coincidences of the 22d February, so far as English Ministers are concerned. Here are some of them: On the 22d February, 1851, Lord John Russell was defeated and resigned; on the 22d February, 1852, he finally resigned; on the 22d February, 1855, Lord Palmerston's Administration was broken up by the defection of the Peels; and on the 22d February, 1858, he was put *hors de combat* by Milner Gibson's motion of the Conspiracy to Murder bill. What renders these circumstances still more curious is the fact that this fatal day, this 22d of March to British Caesars, but not holders of power, is the birthday of George Washington, a day the *Times* forgot to add to the list.

A Modern Luther.

A man recently convicted of burglary at Carnarvon, upon being sentenced by Judge Crompton, seized a heavy inkstand and hurled it at his lordship's head. Fortunately, the man aimed too high, and the only damage done was to the wall. Since Luther threw his inkstand at Satan's head, this is considered by the legal profession as the most impudent thing done!

American Recruiting.

Orders have been sent to Canada to raise a regiment for service in England. It will consist of eight hundred men. The Canadian regiments are also to be much increased.

Libelling Louis Napoleon.

Stanislas Tchebrecki, a Polish bookseller, residing in the Haymarket, has been arrested by the English authorities, charged with publishing a pamphlet, written by Felix Pyat, recommending the assassination of the Emperor of the French. He was brought before the magistrate of Bow street court, and was admitted to bail, an English gentleman of wealth, Mr. J. S. Mill, becoming his surety.

Heroes of Canton.

The French and English are quarrelling as to which nation had the honor of first scaling the wall. The result has been that the ladders were ascended by some of the English soldiers of the 59th Regiment, led by Major Luard, a French officer. Before the ladders arrived, one gallant Frenchman began to climb the bastion, hoisted by another with the muzzle of his musket. He did not, however, succeed.

The American Horse-Tamer.

Mr. Rarey, the modern Alexander of fierce Bucephalus, having completed his club of three thousand guineas, has opened his school for training vicious colts, at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Kensington. It was crowded with the nobility and gentry. A certificate was written at the close of the lesson by Lord Palmerston to this effect: "I have witnessed Mr. Rarey's progress with great satisfaction." This was signed by all present.

Grand Exhibition of 1861.

The Council are determined to persevere in this movement, to celebrate the Prince of Wales attaining his majority, and there is every prospect of its being carried out, although a very large number of those who were foremost in the last Exhibition maintain that not a sufficient time has elapsed since the last. These gentlemen, we think, rather undervalue ten years as a proportion of human life.

New Music Hall.

London has at last a hall worthy of St. Cecilia. It is situated between St. James's and Piccadilly, and called the St. James's Hall. It has long been a reproach to the metropolis of the world, that it had no concert-room worthy its position. Hanover-square Rooms were dark and hideous, and it was rather too far to travel to Birmingham.

Woman's Witchery.

A young man is to be hanged for murdering a woman with whom he had lived some years. She was so much older than he was, that he was persuaded by a girl who wished to marry him, that she must be a witch to retain such influence over a man so much younger. He therefore was told by a man learned in witchcraft that the only way to break the spell was by drawing her blood "above the breath." In the process the poor witch was killed, and her ignorant experimenter was tried for murder, found guilty and ordered to be executed.

The Leviathan.

There is every reason to believe that, after all, the Leviathan will sail from Liverpool. A grill is being laid down in the Mersey for the accommodation of the monster steamer.

The Queen.

Proposes to attend the Musical Festival at Birmingham. She has not visited that city since her fourteenth year.

London Theatricals.

Mr. Dillon has produced a version of Casimir Delavigne's drama of "Louis XI." at the Lyceum. Charles Keen has been so long considered as the proprietor of that character, that many, even some of Mr. Dillon's warmest admirers, considered the adventure a rash one. The best London critics prefer it to Keen's, as being more poetic and varied; it misses, they concede, some of Charles Keen's elaboration, but has more freshness, vigor and abandon. It should be remembered that Keen has been playing his part for ten years, and Mr. Dillon only a few nights. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul were very successful in their Lenten entertainment of "Patchwork" at the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Morton has produced a new piece at the Olympic, called "Ticklish Times." It is altogether written to display the peculiar humor of Mr. Robson, who seems to combine the excellencies of Reeve and Lion. Mr. Charles Cotton is now giving an entertainment at Prince of Wales Hall, called the "Rose, Shamrock and Thistle." It is somewhat after the style of old Matthew's Monologues—he introduces various characters, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Italian, French and many others—a Jonathan Longbow, a Down-easter. The correspondent of a New York paper says that the *entente cordiale* between Mr. Bourcicault and Charles Keen is restored, and that Agnes Robertson is engaged to appear at the Princess's this winter. Both these eminent men must smile as they read the *canard*—oil and vinegar are more likely to combine. Covent Garden, Italian Opera, is nearly finished, and will open on the 16th of May with a grand company. At the Princess's, Keen has reproduced "Faust and Marguerite," and appeared in "Hamlet" and "Louis XI." A new farce, called "The Stock Exchange," was produced on Easter Monday. We recommend the Phantom Club to go to work, call it "Wall Street," and announce it as their own. Christy's Minstrels have made a great hit in a new song called "Hoop-dee-doodledum-doo." Albert Smith is still toiling up Mont Blanc, varied with descents into Vesuvius.

PARIS.

Revival in Paris.

Several persons had been imprisoned for attending an Evangelical meeting! What would become of a religious revival in Paris?

War.

Military preparations were being pressed forward with all despatch in the great ports.

Napoleon and Victoria.

There was a rumor of Napoleon and Eugenie paying a visit to Queen Victoria at Osborne early this summer.

Dumas, the Cook.

A rich story is told of Alexandre Dumas, who is as fond of his cooking as he is of his romances. A gentleman calling to see him some short time ago was ushered into his study, where his secretary and amanuensis were at work. This room opened into a private or amateur kitchen, where sundry dishes were progressing under the great novelist's surveillance. He would dictate a passage to his amanuensis, then step into his kitchen, stir a soup, drop a pinch of pepper into a sauce, give directions to the cook, then walk into the study and kill his imaginary tyrant or lover—then back to cook his goose, &c. It appears that Dumas had a few *gourmands* to dine with him that day, and he was tasking his mind to the utmost to sustain the reputation of his *cuisine*, thinking with the poet,

"Cooking resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no art can teach,
And which a master's mind alone can reach."

Who can refrain from admiring the enthusiasm of the man who cried, "I would rather have invented Harvey's Sauce than written 'Paradise Lost,' or built Notre Dame!"

AUSTRIA.

The Moniteur.

The publication of some of the first Napoleon's despatches in the *Moniteur* had greatly displeased the Austrian Court.

Boulogne and Ansterlitz.

The army was being strengthened in Austria. The *Allemande Zeitung* says: "We cannot forget that fifty years ago, when the first Napoleon was threatening England from the heights of Boulogne, the fairy of the French Emperor 'ell upon another nation, which was suddenly aroused from a dream of security to a struggle for life."

Police Regulations.

A wealthy but very eccentric Englishman received a visit at his hotel the other day from a police agent, who requested his company at the Chief's office. Away the Englishman went with his guide. When he was ushered into the room there were several of the authorities present. The chief one said that they wished to remonstrate with him as to his dress, as it created much observation, and had on several occasions gathered a crowd. "What is amiss with my

dress?" said John Bull. "Your hat is not a hat, it is a caricature," replied one of the officials. "And not only that," said another, "you never wear it twice in the same shape; I myself have stopped to look at it!" "That shows your taste," says the eccentric. "As to my reasons of wearing it in different ways I will explain. When I walk facing the sun I pull this flap of the rim down to protect my eyes. (Here he showed the authorities how.) When the sun is at my back I do so (here he pulled the rim behind down and put the rim before up), when the sun is at my side I do so (here again he suited the action to the word), and when there is no sun at all I put the rim up on all sides, just so. (Here he again demonstrated.) Now, don't let the Emperor be alarmed. I'm not going to overthrow the Government. I am a friend of his, and as a proof, if you will just write down how you wish me to wear my hat, I'll send a copy of your directions to the London *Times* or *Punch*, and they'll give me a hundred guineas for it." They told him he might wear his hat as he pleased. He thanked them with great gravity, and next minute was walking up the street with the rim of his hat tucked in, amid the suppressed satisfaction of the people, who had got wind of the absurd fears of the police.

Haynan, the Butcher.

A Brussels paper, with a gravestone almost approaching the burlesque, actually says that the ghost of Marshal Haynan walks about the streets of Vienna at midnight, groaning, as a penance for his cruelties in Hungary. At the time of his death there was a rumor of similar absurdity, that his limbs retained their warmth and plasticity. The retention of warmth in a corpse led to a report not flattering to his future happiness, in point of fact, that he was warmer than was agreeable.

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

A Lady's Value.

The following description of a brilliant star in the galaxy of fashion may be read with interest in the present monetary crisis: "I saw her dancing in the ball. Around her snowy brow were set two thousand dollars; such would have been the answer of any jeweller to the question, 'What are those diamonds?' With the gentle undulation of her bosom there rose and fell exactly one hundred and fifty dollars. The sum wore the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was invested in thirty dollars, represented by a slip of lilac satin; and this was overlaid by one hundred and fifty dollars more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully down each side of the latter were six fifty cent pieces which so many bows of ribbon had come to. The lower margin of the hundred and fifty dollar skirts were edged with thirty additional dollars, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waist, taking zone and c'as together, I calculated to be confined by another hundred dollars. Her delicately rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled her little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with one hundred and twelve dollars, fifty cents, and, putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say she wore three dollars and a half on her feet. Thus altogether was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, arrayed from top to toe, exclusive of little sundries, in \$3,218 25."

A Delicate Question.

A curious question has recently been tried in Westphalia, where the ladies seem inclined to assert their "rights" as strenuously as we Americans. The question arose out of a suit for divorce, instituted by the husband, in which he obtained a decree; but the conservative piece of evidence was a letter from the lover to the wife, the contents of which letter would never have been known had not the husband broken the seal. The divorced wife at once prosecuted him for opening the letter, and the tribunal of Unne decided that he was wrong, and sentenced him to a fine of ten thalers.

Love and Robespierre.

An extraordinary letter has recently turned up at a sale of autographs in Paris, revealing the fact that even Robespierre was not without his admirers among the fair sex: "Since the beginning of the Revolution I have been in love with you, citizen! But I was married, and knew how to control my passion. To-day I am free—my husband has fallen in La Vendée; I give to you this declaration in the face of the Supreme Being. It is no easy task for a woman to make such a confession; but paper is patient; you are my Supreme Deity, and on earth I know none beside you. I look upon you as my guardian angel, and will only live under your laws. If you are free I will be yours for life. I am twenty-two years old, and have a feeling soul. I offer to you as dowry the qualities of a true republican and 40,000 livres rente. I am waiting for your answer. VEUVE JACQUIN, at Nancy, *poste restante*. I pay *poste restante*, from fear that my mother might scold me for my giddiness." The issue of this Love affair is not known.

The Defence of Crinoline.

Men who protest against the enlarging of woman's sphere by the present fashion forget one point in its favor which is of great importance—that it is to young ladies a safeguard against the annoying fulsome attentions of those insufferable fops who buzz around them frequently in the most impertinent manner. They should also remember, as the poet says, "Thine distance lends enchantment to the view." We cannot see why a little *whalebone* should be such a bone of contention between a man and his wife or daughters, or why the harmony of domestic circles should be marred by a circle of crinoline. There is nothing necessarily antagonistic between concord and cotton cord, that a man need sacrifice the one to the other; and why ill-feeling and bitterness should spring from the springs of brass and steel, which so significantly repel impertinence, we cannot understand.

Witnesses not to Criminate Themselves.

Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial. One of them, upon hearing the usual questions asked, "What is your name? and how old are you?" turned to her companion and said, "I do not like to tell my age—not that I have any objection to its being known, but I don't want it published in all the newspapers." "Well," said the witty Mr. S., "I will tell you how you can avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence; tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay." The ruse took, and the question was not pressed.

A Small Parcel of Woman.

Generally speaking, whatever is very valuable is done up in a small compass. We presume that nothing so small ever lived so long as Miss Sarah Roberts, of Cornwall, being only two feet ten inches high. "Little Sarah," as she was generally called, was a local celebrity, and, unlike most dwarfs, was not deficient in intellect, but was very intelligent, possessed an extraordinary memory, could relate the times and manners of every local circumstance that had transpired from her childhood to near the end of her long life. She died at Cornwall, at the advanced age of ninety.

Blushing.

A recent writer has said, "Blushing is a sign that something of the angel is left in woman, beautiful to the eye, and bespeaking the inward purity of the heart. When a woman ceases to blush she has lost her greatest charm." We scarcely know what to say to this.

Sculptors of Modern "Grease."

Rauch, the celebrated sculptor, was once a butler, and first gave evidence of his talent by forming the butter which he placed upon the table into artistic shapes; and Canova's first work was a lion modelled in butter. As their achievements in this line were spread they disappeared.

Female Courage.

How generally it is thought that courage and presence of mind belong only to the men, whereas there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves and more acceptable to those around them than courage. It is a great mistake to imagine that courage cannot go hand in hand with gentleness and sympathy. So far from its being unfeminine it gives a peculiar grace and dignity to those who can pass through danger with a moral courage equal to the strongest. There is no beauty in fear. It is a mean, ugly, dishevelled creature. No statue can be made of it that a woman would wish to see herself like. We have a striking instance of its value in the heroic conduct of Mrs. Baker, when the life of her husband, the jailor of the Waterwork prison, in this State, was in danger. One of the prisoners pretending sickness caused Mr. Baker to be roused at about two o'clock in the morning. On entering the cell he was knocked down by some accomplices and locked up. The prisoners then prepared to depart, having first taken possession of the prison keys. But Mrs. Baker having fortunately heard the noise despatched a messenger for help, and then placed herself at the door of the outer hall with a revolver in hand. On the prisoner's approach she exclaimed, "Advance one step farther and you die!" The prisoners ridiculed her, and jeeringly asked her to decide whether she would let them pass or see her husband's brains knocked out. But she firmly maintained her ground, keeping them parleying till her messenger returned with efficient aid. We have few instances of greater heroism and presence of mind than this.

The Empress.

Eugenie has been to see "La Magicienne;" the *mise en scene* is very grand, one paper says throwing the music into the background! One of the effects is the transformation of the stage into an immense chessboard, while the *corps de ballet*, dressed as kings, pawns, queens, bishops, &c., dance the moves.

Fashionable Mania.

The fashionables of Paris have inaugurated an amusement approaching to our religious revivals; it is running to all the sales, whether of pictures, books, furniture, &c. Some keen individuals take advantage of this, and palm off, at fabulous prices, all sorts of trash. A tooth-brush of Rachel's sold some days ago for forty francs; it had her name engraved on it! The police are very vigilant in watching these gatherings.

A Wedding.

The daughter of Marshal Magnan was married with great pomp last week at the Madeleine, to Mr. Haentjenn. The liveries of the laqueys were literally covered with gold braiding, and their cocked hats and powdered wigs, à la Louis XV., produced a wonderful effect upon the crowd outside the church. The band of the Guides took the place of the organ, and the entire service was most sumptuous. The *cadeaux* of the bride were of almost fabulous costliness.

Hindoo Females.

The Hindoo women of the higher class are subjected to the closest restraint, rarely or never being seen by any man, save those of their own family. The women of rank seldom leave the seraglio, where they pass their time in adorning their persons, in smoking, and playing on an instrument somewhat like the old Spanish guitar. Even the Mohammedans treat their women more liberally, and subject them to less restraint. Much has, however, been done of late to improve the condition of Indian women. The education of female children is now generally adopted among the higher classes; therefore in a few years the society of an Indian wife will be more sought after by their husbands, and polygamy will be discouraged. How strikingly does this contrast with the freedom ladies enjoy in our own happy country.

SAMUEL W. FRANCIS.

SAMUEL W. FRANCIS is the youngest son of the world-renowned Nestor of American medicine and learning, Dr. John W. Francis, and was born on the 26th December, 1836, and is now just entering upon the career of a promising and generous manhood. He is a graduate of Columbia College for the year 1857, and has travelled in Europe.

Mr. Francis possesses fine musical talent, plays upon the harp and piano, and is considered one of the best amateur players on the banjo in the country. He has also shown ability as a composer, and at the age of nineteen wrote a brilliant and suggestive essay on music, as a reply to an assertion made by a gentleman when in conversation with him, that "Music is sensual in its nature."

He has a library of several hundred volumes, containing many rare old books, and has a most interesting autograph collection, containing several hundred valuable autographs, collected by himself, and preserved in autograph sheets, illustrated with a beautiful design of his own conception.

Mr. Francis was Chairman of the Catalogue Publication Committee of Columbia College for the year 1857, the catalogue being considered the finest specimen in all respects of the printer's art, good taste and elegance ever produced. He is also a member of the New York Historical Society.

While at college he acquired the power of making out letters written in any secret alphabet without the aid of a key, a faculty which was possessed in an eminent degree by Edgar A. Poe. During a period of illness, just before graduating—the result of hard study—Mr. Francis conceived the idea of the practicability of a machine for printing or writing by means of piano keys, and gradually matured the plan until his recovery enabled him to consult with proper persons for carrying it into effect.

We give an illustrative description of this machine in our present number, also an illustration of an "Omnibus Cane," invented and patented by Mr. Francis within the past six weeks. These inventions indicate a very high order of ingenuity and inventive talent, and gives us reason to expect much from Mr. Francis hereafter.

S. W. FRANCIS' WRITING MACHINE.

This machine is placed in a neat portable writing-case, about two feet square, and ten inches deep, which may be carried about, and

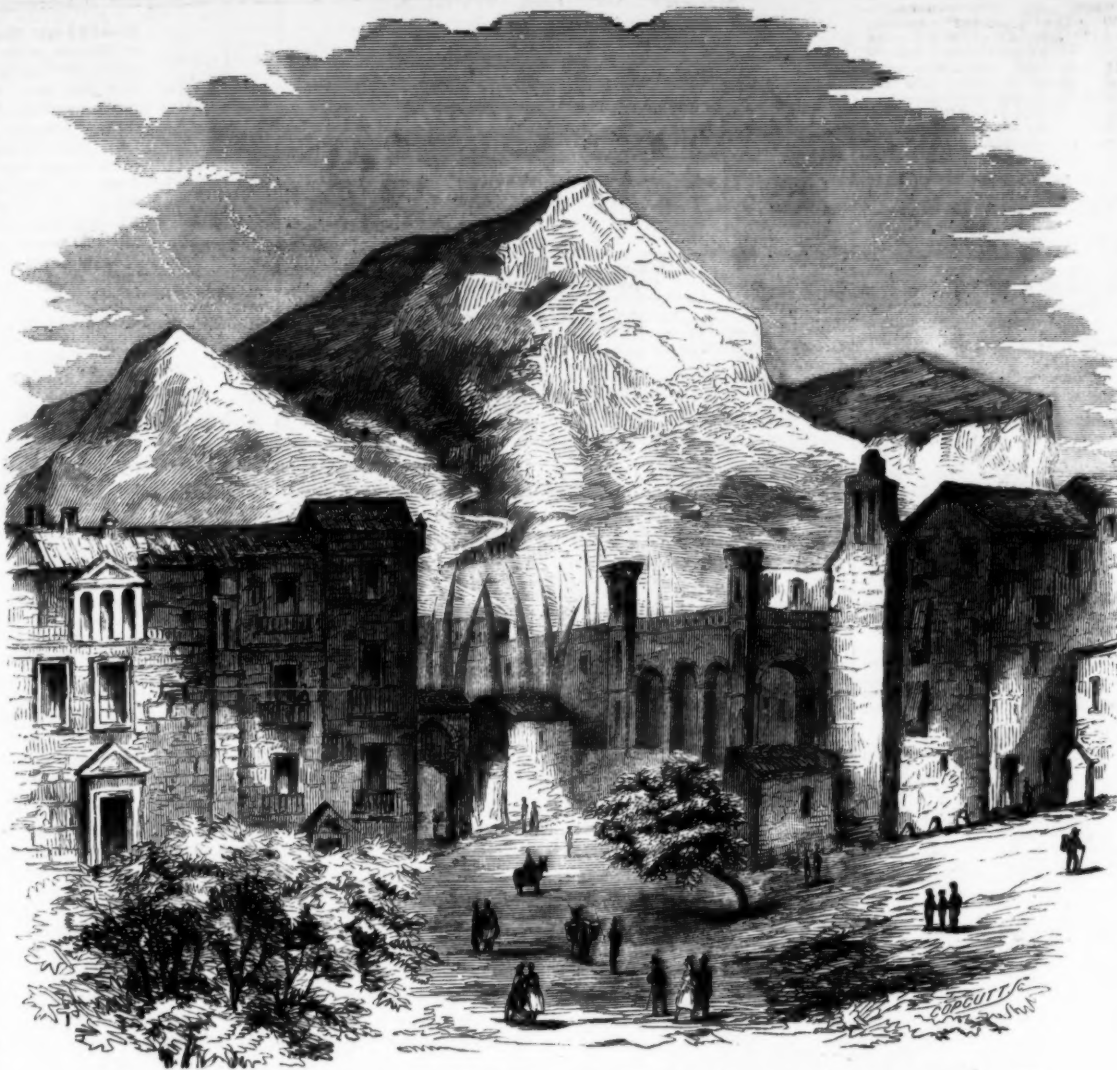


SAMUEL W. FRANCIS, ESQ.

used on any ordinary table. It is worked by means of keys placed on a key-board like those of a piano, each key representing a letter of the alphabet, and each letter producing its impression at a common centre. An endless narrow tape stretches the full length of the "bed" of the machine, passing over a small roller at either end, and uniting underneath. This tape is saturated with the ink.

Directly in the centre of the "bed," and under the tape, is a circular hole of one inch diameter. Over this hole, and under the tape, on a car, a sheet of paper is placed; then a sheet of tissue paper directly over it, leaving the tape between the two sheets of paper. A delicate frame then falls upon the paper, which keeps it in place, and moves while the printing progresses.

A short steel rod then falls from a suspended arm, so as to present a flat surface or platen in the centre, directly over the paper. The lids being raised from the keys, they are played upon as in a piano, each being lettered from A to Z, with the various punctuation marks, &c., &c. The numbers are represented by letters, as CVIII. for one hundred and eight, and so



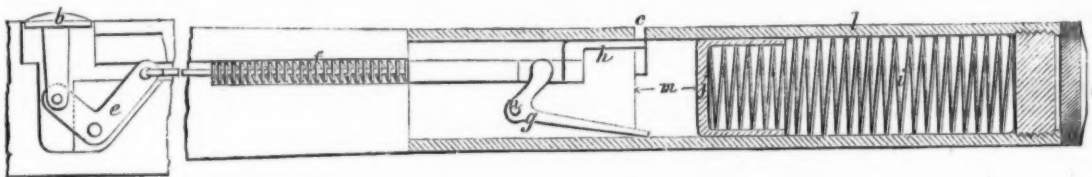
VIEW OF PALERMO, MOUNT PELLEGRINO IN THE DISTANCE. FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY N. ROCMA. SEE PAGE 321.

on; and the capitals are designated by a single dash at the top of the requisite letter.

Each key, when struck, acts upon an independent lever within the machine, attached to a little elbow and arm, on the end of which is the corresponding letter-type, which now strikes the under sheet of paper, and presses against the platen on the suspended steel rod, so that the inked tape, being between the two sheets of paper, the blow leaves the letter printed on each, viz., on the upper side of the low sheet, and, of course, on the lower side of the upper, when brought in contact with the tape.

resulting from the trouble incident to paying fare by the usual method, entailing a general shaking-up and endangering limbs, heads and crinoline.

The Omnibus Cane resembles an ordinary cane, and would not be suspected of any unusual qualities from mere outward inspection. The accompanying illustration is a sectional view, and shows the mechanism by which the peculiarities of the cane are made effective. A chamber in the lower end of the cane is loaded with three cent pieces, thirty-two being its full capacity, making sixteen omnibus rides. By pressing a knob at the upper



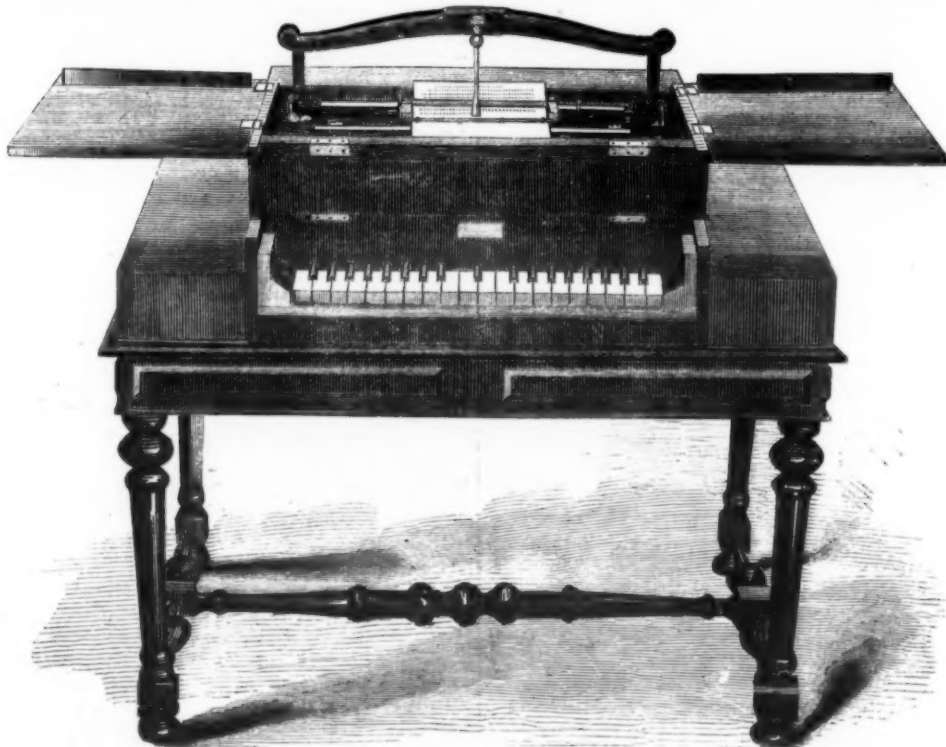
S. W. FRANCIS' OMNIBUS CANE.

As the printing goes on, the paper moves steadily to the left, and when the line is within four letters of its end, a little bell rings spontaneously to notify the writer that he must touch a spring which pushes the sheet up the space of one line and back, to begin again; and as the printing of the new line goes on, the paper travels back another line, and so on till the page is completed.

The letters can be formed of any sized type, engraved for the purpose, and suiting the taste of the purchaser. Those who use

end of the cane with the thumb, two three cent pieces, or one fare, will be forced out of a small opening on the side of the cane, near the lower end, which is handed up to the driver without the necessity of leaving these at, and completely obviating all the disagreeables resulting from compulsory movement to pay fare.

For aged persons, and, indeed, for all who desire comfort, this cane is a desideratum, as it answers the purpose of an ordinary cane. Mr. Francis' office is at 442 Broadway, New York.



S. W. FRANCIS' WRITING MACHINE.

this "Writing Printer" will be enabled to strike off two copies in less time than is required to produce one with the pen. Divines, while in the pulpit, will be freed from the inconveniences attending an ordinary manuscript; authors secured from losing the result of many hours of mental application, by the destruction of a single copy while in the hands of the publisher; editors no longer troubled by the necessary correction of errors in proof-sheets, incident to manuscript copies; reporters may with less labor furnish printed reports; and merchants, while writing a clearer letter and saving time, may keep neatly printed copies, instead of the illegible ones they now obtain by means of the copying-press. By a slight modification, raised letters may be printed for the use of the blind. The price is \$100. This is cheaper than a good sewing-machine, and the art of working it is not more difficult to acquire. The position of the "writer" being erect, is eminently conducive to gracefulness and health, and the whole page is directly under his eye. Literary men cannot fail to take a deep interest in the success of this invention. With it a bad chirography may be concealed, but let bad spellers beware of its fascination.

It is exceedingly grateful to be able to chronicle instances where the sons of our wealthy and eminent citizens earnestly apply themselves to developing new sources of material advancement, thus setting an honorable example to the thousands of idle and inefficient youths, sons of over-indulgent and well-to-do parents.

FRANCIS' OMNIBUS CANE.

This ingenious and elegant cane is designed to obviate the annoyances of omnibus riding,

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GRACE CARPENTER PRESENTS ORLANDO LOVEL'S BOUQUET TO AMY LAUNCESTON.

THE RIVAL MAY QUEENS; OR, THE BILLET IN THE BOUQUET.

A LOVELY May-day morning of the genuine old English sort dawned upon the picturesque village of Coplestone, some two hundred years ago, and was ushered in by the carolling of joyous birds singing upon hedges snowy with blossoms, and odorous as

If Nature's incense-pans had split,
And shed their dewy life the air.

The lark rose upward with a flowing tide of song from the green, waving corn, the cottage gardens were each a picture with their wealth of summer flowers. As yet the dewdrops lay trembling on their petals, and already the bees were busily working among their honied cells, and on the village green was assembled a group of youths and maidens going to the neighboring wood to fetch the May-pole home—for it was May morning—and merriment and "mummers," gay, harmless pleasure, mirth, music and rustic festivity combined to render the whole a true lover's holiday.

Already on the previous night, while the moonshine fell and soft dews descended, and the earth was lapped in the Elysian rest of that fair season of the year, a youthful lover—Martin Bowyer by name, son of the elder Martin Bowyer, who was famous as a craftsman in the mysteries of archery—tapped at a low-lattice window, half hidden in jessamine and honeysuckle, and presently it opened—a sweet, rosy, blushing face peeped forth, and, in a subdued tone, called,

"Who's there?"
"It is I, dear Grace—Martin. Did—did you not expect that I should call and tell you, my own pretty Grace Carpenter, you were chosen for the May-queen? and a fairer never tripped the green."

"Nay, but," quoth Grace, demurely, her heart beating with a delicious unrest the whole of the time, "I thought it had been Mistress Amy Launceston."
"It could not be," said Martin, a little sadly; "none knows better than you that she sorrows still for the lover she has lost—for Master Orlando Lovel, who, they say, is bound by his hard uncle to marry some rich lady, and to forget pretty Mistress Amy, whom he loved so dearly."

"Aye, 'tis like all you men," said Grace, pouting. "It may be no great hardship to him, after all, and an uncle is a good excuse."

"I'll answer for him with my life," exclaimed Martin warmly. "His uncle was a proud man and a haughty, and scorned the poor yeoman's daughter, who, for all that—"

"You defend her warmly yourself, Martin," said Grace.

"She was my first love, Grace; but I saw and knew you, and she gave her heart to one who was my fast friend and patron, and, by the road! I would have followed him, had he so let me, to the world's end."

"And for me?"

"Why, Grace, then I'd have come back to thee."
"An old, limping soldier, like the lame corporal at the bottom of the village," said Grace. "Is it yet too late, thinkest thou?"

"Prithce, Grace, quit thy mischief, and give me my reward."

"Reward! for what, and of what kind?" tittered Grace.

"For bringing thee the news thou didst already know—and that's a kiss, Grace—a kiss—come, good Grace," and he reached his hand towards hers at the window, but she drew back.

"Nay, but I heard she had been chosen, too," insisted Grace, with a touch of pique; "and the maidens have not come."

"They come not till the morning, as you know, Grace," replied Martin, a handsome, manly youth; "and she is pale and sad, and you are like the red rose, Grace, and merry as the lark; and because she was the last year Queen of May, and you are her rival now for the floral crown, you will not let your good, frank heart be clouded by caprice?"

"No, indeed, dear Martin," cried Grace, with a quickness that made his heart thrill at the fond expression, and her own cheek burn at her precipitance.

"And you will be kind to her; for you know, before misfortune fell on them, Grace, the family were fond of you."

"I will—I will, indeed; but I was not in earnest—I mean I was jesting."

"In that case, pay me my fee," insisted Martin.

"Your fee!" and Grace again drew her sunny face away from the lattice, smiling archly the while as she did so.

"Yes, my fee—my kiss. I have earned it. Ah, I thought you would not be heard with Martin," as he pressed his lips upon her cheek. Oh, those convenient, picturesque and half-hidden lattice windows! "Good night, God bless you, Grace. In the early morn I shall be here, and lead the maidens to crown you Queen of the bright May-day." And as Grace closed the lattice, with a bound Martin had overleaped the low garden fence, and, humming happily an old ballad, was wending his way homeward past the green, past the old hostelry, where the great swinging sign of St. George and the Dragon, a red, fire-bright monster, with his dreadful long "continuation" all tortured into an agony of spiral curls, was creaking in front of the door—was passing that broad hospitable porch, yet open, with sounds of jollity issuing forth, when a voice from its depths called out his name.

"Who calls so late, and so loud, too?" as Master Shakespeare says," exclaimed Martin.

"A friend," replied the voice. "Step this way, Martin; I would speak with you," and Martin, having given a start, followed by an exclamation of surprise, advanced, and passed into a retired chamber with the individual who summoned him, and with whom he held a tolerably long conference.

A year ago, and there had never been a more beautiful May-queen

installed into that merry monarchical office—queen of flowers, rustic courtiers, and the innocent sylvan mirth that has been immortalized by the truest poets that ever wore the "singing robes" on their monarch shoulders, from the days of the gentle Chaucer down—than fair Amy Launceston, who was really the "lady" of the village, but, by reason of many sad reverses consequent on civil wars and confiscations, then happily over, reduced to poverty and dependence on an aged and infirm female relative, whose sufferings often made her unjust to the gentle girl, but whom she dearly loved for all that.

A young gentleman of the neighborhood—(the family of the Lovels were a good family, and true king's-men; while that of the Launcestons was a good family too, but it had suffered with the Commonwealth, while the other flourished, and there had been bitter words attending old and bitter feuds between their respective heads)—Master Orlando Lovel by name, had then led her forth in the dance on the green, and many an eve before and after had walked with her in the moonlight; but his guardian—a proud, haughty uncle—had thought fit to see evil and mischief in this harmless matter, and to interpose his authority so far as to compel his absence. And so Amy, orphaned, and poor, and dependent, and the handsome Orlando, were parted; and so, also, her cheeks had lost their bloom, and her lips had paled, and she grew thinner and paler and sadder every day since that sorrowful hour.

It was the old story, after its fashion, of the Capulets and the Montagues—Romeo and Juliet again might exclaim, "A plague of 'both' our houses." But so it was; and as there was no penny post, and correspondence otherwise difficult, days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, and no tidings came of Master Orlando, though she wore his keepsake, and he carried with him her heart.

And then there were cruel rumors, which Master Orlando's uncle kept actively alive, about the wedding of a rich heiress, and I know not what; for this uncle—not quite like him of the "Babes in the

Wood" celebrity—identified himself with the name, the honor, the prosperity of his "house," and was utterly selfish on that score; and he saw in the youth, promise and gallant person of his nephew, Orlando Lovel, all the elements likely to consolidate the greatness of the aforesaid "house." Orlando winced sorely under this despotism, and wrote "sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow;" but the year rolled on—no news on either side, and the merry "May," her laughing face half hidden, and her golden head bowed beneath the blossoms, wreaths and crowns of that "Floralia"—every motion making the air reek with odorous perfumes, so exquisite and sweet that the "sense ached at them"—May, in the guise of a May morning, broke upon the world once more, and more especially (for our purpose) upon the village and gray old township of Coplestone.

The bells were pealing when a procession set forth to fetch the Maypole to the spot which Hal Smith, Dick Butcher, Martin Bowyer and others had prepared for its reception. The procession reached the heart of a wood, where a tall pine had been selected; which, by a few well-directed, sturdy blows, was soon laid low, and, in a short space of time, pruned of every excrescence. While some gathered green branches, and wove bands of early flowers, cowslip, daffodil, lilies, harebells, "pansies pale," the maidens deftly wove the whole into floral ropes and garlands and crowns, partly to bedeck themselves, but chiefly to adorn the Maypole.

The oxen, trimmed with garlands and gay ribbons, were attached to it, and with music of pipe and tabor, of flute and viol, with laughter and mirth, and gay dances, the procession moved back to the green, where it was reared with shoutings, and the pole, with all its garlands and festoons, planted firmly in the ground amidst acclamations, and the passing round of foaming cups of ale and sack, till the "mummers" came, and forming themselves, danced once or twice round; and then Martin Bowyer, gaily and gallantly dressed, looking handsome as a young Apollo, brought his bright and blushing sweetheart forward, and she was installed the May-queen with all the homage and honors—added to those of doggerel poetry recited by Peter Quill, the village clerk and schoolmaster—that could be paid.

The beautiful green, with its soft swarded slopes stretching to the main village street with its quaint houses and ancient gables, was alive with as merry and motley a crew as ever Momus led. In the centre Grace Carpenter took her place, and the morris-dancers joining hands, the tune of "Packington's Pound" was struck up, and round and in and through the mazes of the merry dance, amidst applause and shouts, and the pelting of nosegays, and chiming of the church bells in the old ivy tower, the joyous revellers capered and flew.

Then it was Grace Carpenter's turn and that of Martin, with other three pairs, to show their skill; and well had they practised the dance, for they were as perfect as if some Baron Nathan of that day had, by repeated tuition and rehearsal, rendered them unrivalled in



MARRIAGE FESTIVAL IN THE GREAT HALL.

her parts. Beating her tambourine, and flying from the pursuing partner, Grace exhibited those qualifications of agility and skill, which, added to her buxom charms, made her worthy of the honors the swains had conferred upon her.

"Bring thy tambour, Grace," said Martin apart to Grace, when their dance was over, "and come with me to collect the gifts for the 'mummers,' who will now play their hobby-horse pranks; and, Grace, I would speak with thee," and he bent his head to her ear.

"What else dost thou, or hast thou done the whole morn, Martin?" asked Grace, with a musical laugh.

"Truly little else, though sorely tempted by those cherry lips," grinned Martin, and he clasped her waist.

"Best beware," and Grace lifted up her finger in a pretty menace.

"Nay, but come," urged Martin, "it is a matter of much import to me at least, and to thee also, Grace, if thou hast the kind heart I have ever given thee credit for."

"Nay then," said Grace, "if thou art so serious, and there be no harm—"

"Harm! to do a kind gentleman a service, and to make a sad heart happy—if that be harm—why, then, indeed—but listen," and stooping lower, he whispered in her ear.

Grace started, sprang forward with alacrity, and collecting the gifts and gratuities of the spectators in her way, among which there were more pence and silver groats than "marks," she followed Martin through the throng, which made way for them, till, some little distance away, nearer to where the better houses on the village green stood, Martin halted before a handsome young cavalier on horseback, and after a few hurried whispers, beckoned Grace to his side, and presented her as the Queen of May.

Holding up her tambourine in reply to the compliments of the gentleman, and the greetings he gave her, he placed a silver piece in her tambour, and, bending over his saddle, spoke a few moments to her apart.

At the latticed oriel window, half hidden by the shaded summer gloom of the curtained chamber, and by the vine and trailing creepers, breathing of briony and honeysuckle, stood the rival May-queen of the last season.

Fair and beautiful, with her quiet, refined air, the pale young maiden stood by the window, furtively watching the sports of the villagers, in which ere now she had taken part, and had been received by them with curtsies and awkward attentions, in days when she had been looked to as an heiress, and as one that, by birth, had station above them. It was not so very long ago, she thought; but now, how changed was all.

She had not even been asked to join them. As for being their May-queen, that troubled her not, for it was only right that another should be chosen, and, looking at the pretty Grace Carpenter, with her rippling brown hair, and her glowing eyes and heightened color, on whom (she said) could the choice fall more appropriately?

Still, and unconsciously, she did her rustic neighbors an injustice. They thought not the less of her that she had become poorer than of old, and they had been too familiar with reverses of late years not to have noted, and with the profit that becomes experience, the capricious tracks and turnings of Fortune's wheel. They knew of the assiduous attention she paid the sick, the old, the feeble; how she taught the little ones at the village school, how noiselessly and tenderly she tended the sick-bed of grumbling Dame Grubbins, not to speak of her filial devotion to her invalid relative, who at times made her feel her dependence so bitterly. That she had not been asked to come forth among them was really a token of their respect, for they did not desire to intrude their noisy mirth upon her in her loneliness and her desertion, much as they might wish for her presence.

She had meantime, too, noted a horseman, slowly crossing the lower end of the green—his long curls, his gallant mien, his fine bearing, and—her heart had for the instant leaped up to her throat again, for she murmured sadly, "Not he, not he—I am forgotten;" then he was lost in the projection of the house, and for some time she looked farther forth, but saw him no more. She drew back, but not from the window, with a sigh of disappointment.

It was with some surprise that she beheld a small group, headed by Grace and Martin Bowyer, approach towards her dwelling, and for a moment, as they lifted their faces towards her, she felt herself blush with a pang of shame, mingled with regret. Were they coming to her? Would she be glad to hear them greet her? She drew back still farther; but presently they, too, disappeared, and then—ah, then! she felt it was not for her they were coming. It was scarcely kind of them to neglect her so, she who had always been so anxious to see all happy around her. No, they were going to call elsewhere—but hark!

There, below the window, sure enough, was the sound of the tambourine, and with the rude music blended the full voice of Grace, singing some old May carol, half welcome, half serenade, and then, as it ceased, the same voice said,

"Mistress Amy—sweet Mistress Amy—pray you come to the window—it is I, Grace Carpenter; I have a bouquet of May flowers for you."

"For me, Grace!" returned Amy, leaning lightly over. "Is it possible? It is very kind of you to think of me."

"Nay, but look you, Mistress Amy, it is not myself who thought of it, more shame to me, but a handsome young man—"

"What, you mean your kind Martin, there?" and Amy bestowed a smile upon the young fellow which made his cheeks tingle with pleasure.

"No—not so," stammered Martin; "it is from another—pray you take it—hand the bunch up, Grace."

And giving her a short hazel wand, while he held her tambourine, Grace fastened the glowing bouquet at the end, and stretched herself on tip-toe, while her round, dimpled arm held up the bouquet. The next instant Amy had taken it, when, hearing a mirthful laugh without, she again looked forth to thank them, but the merry pair were gone ere she could give them her little *largesse*.

What a beautiful bouquet! How odorous and sweet it was! and who sent it? The old village clerk sat on a bank opposite, and little Dicken Smith was chasing some dogs in the distance. That was all. She saw not a horseman at hand wistfully watching her side face, and betook herself to contemplate the bouquet afresh. Each flower was a spell to her—a reminiscence of the past. The earliest rose-bud not yet blown seemed to have an inarticulate word, which it wished to convey, but could not.

From the bouquet there fell out a *billet*.

Oh, subtle deceit! oh, the wickedness of the world! but above all, oh, the shifts and deceptions of love! She gave a start, and with parted lips, gazed with all her eyes upon that folded billet, which, through its very twistings, seemed to tell her that—that—

But how could she tell *what* it told, or from whom it came, unless she opened it? A soft, dawning flush illumined her pale cheeks as she bent down and took it up, opened it, read it, and clasped it to her bosom, with a low, fond outcry. This was the writing:

"I am here, dear, beloved Amy—here beside your door, darling. I have not forgotten nor ceased to love you, and the hindrance to our happiness has been removed. Come, then—come down to the garden, open the well-known gate, and hear how fondly and faithfully I love you from the lips of ORLANDO."

She gave a timid, half-frightened glance. A cavalier was truly dismounting—him she had seen; and giving his horse to a rustic, he then walked round to the garden gate, which was almost hidden by drooping lilacs. Fast as thought she sped down—down the garden walk. None saw her—none beheld her open the gate—none heard her trembling voice cry, "Orlando!" or beheld him clasp her to his broad, throbbing breast, while he murmured fond, devoted words in her ears, as a dove murmurs among the myrtles.

If it be objected that no masculine voice *can* speak in tones so "gentle and low," let me be forgiven for the prettiness of the simile.

The scene that followed—from hopelessness to joy, from gloom to rapture, from the thought of desertion to the certainty of devotion and fidelity—is difficult to describe—more difficult the incoherent words that followed. It is best (besides the convenience of the thing) to leave it to the imagination. The whole is really "more easily imagined than described."

The obstinate uncle had held out as long as he was able, but was fain to give in for two or three reasons. First, Master Orlando had long passed his majority, as his incipient moustache indicated. Secondly, the uncle loved him, after his fashion, and found the poor young gentleman constant. Next, he had known of the gentle birth, the winning ways of Amy, and, through indirect channels, of certain old friendships that had formerly existed between their "houses." Again, the crabbed old gentleman had been sick of a violent and even dangerous fever, and his nephew had attended him, submitted to his slightest whim and caprice—submissive in all things save one—so completely as to have softened him, and won over his tough heart. He submitted to circumstances, as greater men on more important matters (let me hope this is not treason to the eminence of the "grand passion") often do; and Orlando, as his reward, was allowed to bear the news in person.

Fearful of alarming her—for he heard she had been ill and was weak—by appearing abruptly before her, he had confided his arrival to Martin Bowyer (an old, if humbler, acquaintance) the previous night, which explains the secret of that young man's interview with a "stranger" in the parlor of the St. George and Dragon, on the previous evening. The plan of the billet seemed a pretty one, both consonant with the day and the occasion, and it was a tribute to Grace herself, which mightily pleased that young maiden by the confidence that was placed in her, and by the additional important part she was called upon to play. What exactions Martin made for his share, I do not feel myself at liberty to disclose.

The May-day festal rose to a climax, when, leaning on the cavalier's arm, Amy came forth—sanctioned by her relatives, of course, with whom Orlando had held a pretty long interview—and advancing towards the May-pole on the green, they made a pair in a rustic dance then proceeding. The liberality of Master Lovel provided for a grand treat to the mummers, the musicians and the morris-dancers for the evening of that eventful day, when fatigue and night dismissed them—the maidens to repose, and the youths to their homes. The parlors and kitchens of the "Dragon" were full of garrulous revellers—stout toppers gone in years, and defiant of the curtain lecture most certainly awaiting them.

I need not enlarge further upon my story. A couple of weddings not long after, in which Master Lovel and Amy Launceston, Martin Bowyer and Grace Carpenter were the principals, took place with appropriate honors. That, too, was a festal day, and the ringing of merry bells, the roasting of an ox, the feast and revelry in the great hall, and a blazing bonfire, concluded such rivalry as ever existed between the May-queens.

THE SURE CASKET.

I HAD a garment rare—
A robe of cost;
I hoarded it with care
From sun, and dust, and air;
Lo! the moth marred it sore,
It charms the sight no more—
'Tis lost!—'tis lost!

I had a ring of price—
A wedge of gold—
But to their secret bed
The cancerous rust hath sped;
It hath made a fatal sweep—
It hath eaten broad and deep—
Look! look! Behold!

I had a precious gem—
A jewel lone;
Close in my bosom's core
That talisman I bore;
How shall the robber's eye
My life of life espy?—
'Tis gone!—'Tis gone!

Alas! poor, rifled heart,
Burdened with care—
What friend shall take thy part?
Who draw the envenomed dart?
From thy despair?
Lest to you music free!
Callest it not to thee?
—Heaven hath a casket fair,
Where are no moth, nor rust,
Nor thief to mock thy trust—
Heaven hath a casket sure,
Its treasures aye endure,
Lay thine up—there!

MY GODFATHER'S GUINEA.

My godfather was a man of a thousand. He possessed an iron will and a degree of perseverance which impelled him, having once resolved on a thing, to execute it at all hazards. His career was cited generally as a wonderful example of luck; but the word "luck" ought never to have been used with respect to him, since no man ever owed less to mere good fortune than himself. He had worked his own way, literally by hair-breadths at first; and I believe one of his grand elements of success was his determination never to owe to the aid of another what he could, by any amount of labor, accomplish himself. Self-dependence, perseverance, steady resolution, and industry were the various component parts of which my godfather's "luck" was made up. I can see this now I am old and gray; but who reasons thus on his eight birthday? I did not; but having heard the above much-abused term "lucky" so often applied to my godfather, I regarded him as one favored by some good protecting genius, whose invisible hands removed everything calculated to obstruct success.

My godfather always dined at our house on my birthday. On its eighth anniversary he filled his usual place at the board; and to this day I can picture him exactly as he looked then. His hair, white enough by nature, was powdered, and in a queue. He had a wide and also high forehead, with thick, snowy-white shaggy eyebrows, overhanging such keen black eyes. His dress was always handsome; his shirt-frills like very snow-flakes, and his buckles resplendent with diamonds. He dressed becomingly, because he considered that, like everything else, worth being done well if worth doing at all. On each succeeding birthday especially, though not then alone, I received substantial proofs of his good-will towards myself—always wonderfully appropriate, generally something I had actually longed for.

Doubtless his keen appreciation of character and habits of observation enabled him to guess what would afford me most pleasure. I thought an invisible agent followed me, and reported accordingly. I therefore received his gifts with awe, and cherished them as I did no other of my early possessions.

It was after dinner, then, on my eighth birthday. I was full of wonder as to the coming present; for, contrary to usual custom, no outward visible sign, no parcel heralded the gift. "Has he," thought I, "can he have guessed what I so much wish for?" My longing, be it known, was, that the secret of his "luck" might be revealed to me.

I could feel my heart throb, though my breath was almost suspended, as, in compliance with his request, I went to his side. "Francis," said he, "hold out your hand." I obeyed. He placed an antique guinea in the extended palm. "Francis, that

guinea was given to me when I was eight years old. Had I not noticed the care you take of my gifts, I should not, after preserving it more than half a century, now give it to you. Yes," he said, "that guinea was the foundation of my fortune. I had never before owned such a sum when it came into my possession; but I determined to gain more. Some people," he added, "would call it a lucky guinea, and if it be, I am satisfied to transfer it to you. May you be as prosperous in your career as I have been, and from the same cause! Pray guard it carefully; and remember, as long as you possess that, you will never be in want of money."

I did not see the stately smile on my godfather's face, or understand the laugh of my other elders at the old-fashioned commonplace which concluded his harangue. I was absorbed in an awful feeling of responsibility—in the thought that my godfather indeed possessed supernatural power—had divined my wish, and not only revealed to me the secret of his "luck," but had placed in my hands the talisman which was also to secure my own. For many nights after I scarcely slept. I exulted in the possession of my treasure; but it was with trembling, for if I should lose it! A cold perspiration covered me at the bare idea of such a calamity.

I was sorely puzzled where to find a safe repository for it. At length I persuaded my mother to make a little washleather bag, with an outer covering of silk, in which I placed my guinea, and hung it round my neck with a black ribbon. Year after year did the feeling that its preservation was essential to my well-being continue predominant; and long after the gentle mother who smiled at my whim and humored it was dead, the guinea hung by the black ribbon in its usual place. My career at school and college proved successful; my tutors praised my industry, fellow-students said I was the hardest reader in the University, my friends sang my praises as a genius, and I smiled, and played with the ribbon whence depended my godfather's guinea. How could I be otherwise than fortunate? You may laugh and call this weakness, but it influenced me; nevertheless, I laughed also, and with good cause—I won. At twenty-three I left college, free. Free from all care for the morrow, since those who were "born before me" had taken that upon themselves; free from control, since my guardian's jurisdiction ended at the usual time, and his death—for my godfather was the individual—happening soon after my majority, greatly increased my already abundant means.

I had been a great student; but now I resolved to see something of life; I would spend some time in travel before settling down. But first I must go and see Dr. Carleton, an old friend of my father's, resident in Derbyshire, whose eldest son had just taken possession of my vacated rooms at Cambridge.

Most studious men are awkward on entering society—I was extremely so; but Mrs. Carleton proved my good genius, for she had the rare art of making all domesticated under her roof feel at home. When I saw her, with her group of olive branches and genial-hearted husband gathered round the hearth, I was a very boy again in my delight in forming one of the social party. Dr. Carleton's profession engaged much of his time; but weariness or *ennui* was unknown under the roof with Mrs. Carleton. With her I was a lad; and on my return from a ramble, she invariably called for a relation of my doings, when forthwith I flung myself on the rug at her feet, and gave a full and particular account. I ransacked my memory to amuse "mamma," as I called her; and, amongst other things, gave her a half-jesting, half-earnest, but wholly whimsical and imaginative history of my godfather's guinea. She in turn told the doctor, and the same evening expressed a wish to see the talisman. I drew out the little case, still suspended; but that was not enough, she must see the coin itself. I hesitated, but her merry laugh conquered; and after fifteen years' concealment the guinea again saw the light.

I scarcely liked to see it in any hand but my own, though I was in a manner compelled to submit; and it was examined, duly compared with a new one, and replaced in my hand just as a visitor entered.

Next day, Dr. Carleton and I went for a long drive through the most charming parts of that romantic district, "The High Peak," and combined the agreeable with the useful by calling on such of Carleton's patients as lay in our way. Wending homewards towards evening, we stopped at the house of a gentleman on whom he had lately been in attendance; but the patient was convalescent, and the call—the most agreeable a doctor can make, at least for the patient, and let us in charity hope for himself, also—a friendly one. I awaited his return sitting in the gig; and feeling chilly, enveloped myself in the servant's cloak, by accident brought with us. I was running over in my mind all the lovely bits of scenery I had passed through, when a smart tug at my cloak aroused me; and a pretty damsel handed me up a glass of beer, accompanied by the whisper, "I have brought you something to drink."

I had the affair in a moment. The pluck at my cloak, and the verbal intimation which followed, convinced me I was mistaken for the servant; so I determined to have a laugh at the expense of my generous Hebe. I readily accepted the brimming cup, saying, "O, thank you; I just wanted such a draught, and I believe Providence has sent you with it, for I see you are an angel." She tried to put on a frown, but the pretty face would not accommodate itself to the needful lines and angles. She then looked up slyly in my face, pouted out her lips as far as a struggling smile would permit, and replied, "Hold your bother, and drink your beer; your master will be here in a minute." I readily complied with the first and most material portion of this advice: I drank the beer—no difficult task when a man is thirsty, and the draught good Derbyshire home-brewed; but hold my bother I did not: on the contrary, as I returned the glass I heaved a deep sigh, partly to relieve suspended respiration after my draught, and partly—I like economy even in sighing—to express the state of my feelings towards herself. I was sadly puzzled how to say something complimentary, not being used to that sort of thing, and at length blundered out awkwardly enough, "I wish I had never seen you; I don't believe I shall ever be happy again; and if I'm not, won't you have something to answer for, that's all."

"How you talk!" answered she. "Why shouldn't you be happy? I've done nothing to hinder you."

"Do you call it nothing to come giving a fellow beer just to steal his heart?"

"You're only poking fun at me," was the reply; but her pretty coquettish air and conscious half smile, which, try as she would, she could not screw into a frown, convinced me my compliments, though clumsily executed, were duly appreciated.

"Now do," said I, "be serious, and tell me if you have a sweet heart; and if not, if you think you could manage a little shop. To my fancy, you're just the sort of article; for I know lots of customers would come for the sake of being waited on by such a pretty smiling girl."

Again she looked in my face, but this time as grave as a judge, and, with an expression on her own of the most complete innocence and candor, answered, thoughtfully, "Well, to be sure, there's Jim Allen has followed me this good while; but if I look at anybody else he quarrels, and is always saying he'll go list for a soldier; so there's no depending—and—and—I always did think I should like to keep a shop."

At this most critical moment a step was heard, and the noise sent off my fair enslaver with the speed of an antelope. Little was she, or for the matter of that was I, prepared for the approaching *dénoûment*. Carleton had accepted for both of us an invitation to dinner, which meal happened to be unusually late, as his friend had company.

After the best toilet circumstances would permit, we entered the dining-room. From my knowledge of our host's family habits, I felt sure of seeing my shopkeeper in perspective; and the first bustle of introduction over, I glanced round, and soon caught sight of her. Exactly opposite, still as a statue, her mouth open to no great width, the said feature being of most moderate dimensions, with her eyes round as a bird's, she stood the picture of astonishment. In the

expect she was unlike a statue, for she was red as scarlet—face, neck and arms all in a glow. The instant she caught my emerald look she busied herself at the sideboard, and vouchsafed no second glance.

We stayed very late; and when about to depart, I went to ask from her a light for my cigar, taking the opportunity to slip a little present into her hand by way of atonement for the trick I had perpetrated, telling her, in a quiet whisper, the while, "It will help to stock the shop."

At breakfast the next morning I told the joke to Mrs. Carleton, who good-humoredly rated me for cheating the damsel, though she laughed at the speedy discovery of my imposture.

Two days afterwards, in packing up my goods and chattels, preparatory to departure, I missed my godfather's guinea. I ransacked every place, examined every article again and again; the ribbon and case were round my neck, the guinea was gone. At first I thought Mrs. Carleton had contrived to possess herself of it in order to have a laugh at my discomfiture; but no, she assured me she knew nothing of my lost treasure.

At this distance of time I can own how much I was affected by its disappearance; then I was ashamed to let it be known. I sat down on a portmanteau and surveyed the rest of my possessions with a species of calm despair. I half expected they would vanish from before my eyes. Begin with your nursery-books, dear reader, and gaze in fancy on every picture of despair which your upward course of reading has presented to your spiritual vision. Fancy Mrs. Bluebeard when the blood wouldn't come off the key, Little Red Riding-Hood when she found the wolf was not her grandmother. Pooh! these are a mere nothing; Aladdin when his lamp was gone would be nearer the thing; but I thought myself fully as desolate as Marius amongst the ruins of Carthage. He did not feel his desolation more than I did the loss of that guinea. With it, I was a perfect Samson of strength, ready for any undertaking; without it, I was the hero shorn of his locks, and consequently powerless.

"Absurd!" say you. Well, it was. But it was my pet absurdity; and which of you is without one? Who can look back and say he has not been at some period of life influenced by a superstition equally ridiculous? I believe there are few who, searching into the memories of early days, cannot recall some incident insignificant in itself which still retains the power to influence their actions; or, a sentence, uttered perhaps thoughtlessly enough, which possesses a charm for them which only death can dissolve.

If the child be indeed father to the man, so are the impressions received in early youth as a strong man to a puny child in comparison with those of a later age; and I frankly confess my superstitious feeling with regard to the lucky (?) coin increased tenfold after I had lost it.

I declare I was not one bit surprised when, on the morning fixed for my departure from Carleton's, I received news of a very serious change of fortune. I expected a blow from some quarter, and was almost indifferent whence it should come.

Just after coming of age I placed in a certain individual unlimited confidence; and in addition to that, I trusted him with a sum amounting to many thousands of pounds. The man was honest, but unfortunate; and my one lost coin was immediately followed by all these thousands of his golden brethren. So said a letter I received. It was a great but not a ruinous loss. Strange, it affected me less than the disappearance of my godfather's guinea. I considered it only as the beginning of my misfortunes.

I started for the Continent two days after leaving Derbyshire, not in quite the same style I originally intended, and very far from feeling in the same spirits. I left England at twenty-three; I was eight-and-thirty when I saw it again.

As to giving a detailed account of my ill luck during these years of wandering, it is more than I dare do. Imagine all the evil fortune you ever read of happening to a solitary wanderer—adventures at the gaming-table excepted—and you will have about hit mine. I never did gamble; I felt too sure I could by no possibility win to risk my cash thus. I had a disappointment in love too, which I also attributed to the loss of the guinea. Some of my friends say it was not the disappearance of that coin, but of the number which followed, that did the mischief, and doomed me to old bachelorhood.

Well, as I said, I returned to England; and though I knew Carleton and his family had long since left Derbyshire, I felt a great longing to see it again. I resolved to go to the old place, take up my abode at a country inn, and indulge in long rambles as I had done fifteen years before. It was dark when I descended from a stage-coach at the hotel-door, where, if I found the arrangements to my liking, I intended to take up my quarters, about four miles from the town where Carleton formerly lived. Outside was a cold evening in early spring; inside a bright fire, jovial-looking landlord, and a smiling comely landlady. As the latter bustled about, I could not help thinking there was something about her strangely familiar to memory; but I vainly turned over all the faces I ought to remember, and certainly hers was not amongst them.

Tired after my journey, and allured by the comfort of my dormitory, I let the sun be high in the heavens ere I rose the next morning. Then I breakfasted, ordered dinner, intimated my intention of making a lengthened stay, provided I found things suitable, and prepared for a stroll. The landlord was lolling by the door-post, and gave me a civil "good day" as I passed him. In the act of crossing the threshold my eye was attracted by a large circular sign-board swinging in the wind, on which was painted with tolerable accuracy a representation of a golden coin, and encircling it these words, "The Lucky Guinea." The sight of this was like a dagger to my breast. I had never forgotten my misfortune: how could I? But the sign-board was a mockery of my woes, an aggravation of the discomfort that recollection always caused me. I felt tempted to assault the landlord, who, having reason to remember the luck a guinea had brought him—for doubtless it was so, the sign being no common one—must post up a glaring advertisement of his good fortune, to deride, in a manner, his less prosperous fellow-creatures. I felt aggrieved, indignant, and yet curious to know all about it. I was tempted to ask the landlord why he adopted such an emblem; but I reflected that I should do better to inquire when a little acquainted with the characters of mine host and his comely wife. I therefore took a long stroll, gazed on the scenery, but remembered little; for I thought of my lost guinea.

I returned, dined, and carefully praised the provisions and cookery to the landlady; the wine I lauded in her husband's presence, thereby winning the hearts of both. Dinner past, I begged permission to sit in their parlor rather than my own apartment, and invited the landlord's aid in consuming some of his excellent wine. Finally, I completed my conquest by stating that I never considered tea *was* tea unless poured out by female hands, and begging the landlady to undertake that office for me.

Having thus got all in trim, I artfully alluded to the sign-board, and in less time than I shall be able to write I was in possession of the history of its adoption. I could hardly believe my ears when the comely landlady gave an account of her having fifteen years before received a guinea as a present from a gentleman to whom she had given a glass of beer, mistaking him for Dr. Carleton's groom. Suffice it to say, I heard the story I have told above, only she was the recipient, I the giver of that guinea. I now recollected what for fifteen years had never entered my mind—that on receiving my godfather's guinea back from Mrs. Carleton, I did not at once replace it in the case, but retained it in my hand after the visitor's entrance. Doubtless, in a fit of absence I had slipped it into my pocket, and thence transferred it to the damsel who brought me the beer in the gloaming.

"After I got that guinea," said she, "I don't know how it was, but I began to put a little money by. I suppose it started me like; for a servant doesn't often get so much given her all at once. I told Jim—that is my husband—about it, and the joke the gentleman played on me, pretending he wanted me to marry him and keep a

shop. Well, Jim was as cross as anything—he never could bear me to look the side any other man was on; and whenever we disagreed about the least trifle, he would sneer and ask, 'When the fine gentleman was coming to start shopkeeping with me?'

"Don't you believe her, sir," interposed the said Jim. "She used to sneer, and turn up her nose at me, besides flirting and laughing with all the chaps about, till she nearly drove me crazy."

"Be quiet, now, and let me finish. At last he made me cross—he was so jealous—and I declared, whoever came, I wouldn't marry him. When he thought I was in earnest, and I would neither walk out with him nor let him come to see me, he got quite desperate, and one day he 'listed for a soldier, as he had often threatened to do when I vexed him. I only meant to punish him for being so jealous, and never dreamed he would take on like that; and a fine way I was in when I knew. This was two years after I first began to save. I had a tidy bit of money; for I had many a present after that first—'the lucky guinea,' as I used to call it. I had lived four years in one place, and the mistress was very kind to her servants; so, seeing me in trouble and fretting, she asked what was amiss. I told her; and she said, 'Never mind; he must be bought off.' She gave me a good talking to for teasing Jim; but she saw I was sorely grieved, and she spoke to the master. He got to know all particulars for me, and all the family gave me something towards taking my sweetheart out of pawn, as they said. Would you believe it, I had just enough and that guinea to spare! After that Jim and I got on well enough, and in time we took this place, and got married. Jim said, though the guinea made us quarrel in a way, it had brought us together better friends than ever; so we would keep it, and call our house the Lucky Guinea."

There was a little more joking between the husband and wife, after which I asked if they still kept the guinea.

"Yes," was the answer of my hostess; "and we shall whilst I live."

From all I had heard I could draw but one conclusion, viz., that I had transferred my godfather's gift and its accompanying luck to Jim Allen's "missis" fifteen years before. I was bewildered at the whole concern. That I should, after this lapse of time, and when all hope of its recovery had long gone by, hear tidings of my treasure, was to me little short of a miracle. I sought the privacy of my own room to think about it. It was certainly fortunate I had not told them of any former visit to this part of England, and I knew I could not be recognized; for not my own mother would have been able to trace any likeness between the pale student of twenty-three and the weather-beaten visage I now owned. But what need of concealment? Simply this: I was resolved to regain that guinea or perish in the attempt. I could see mine host and his wife, in their way, attached as much importance to it as ever I had done in mine, and would not part with it on any account. However, I argued thus: when the coin left my possession I never intended to bestow anything but simply a guinea; and having inadvertently transferred my luck along with it, I had a perfect right to reclaim the latter.

It would take too long to tell how my stay in Derbyshire was prolonged from weeks to months; and how I listened to every word which might tend to discover the hiding-place of the treasure; or how I at length overheard a conversation between the husband and wife which revealed the secret. I had previously taken considerable pains to procure a guinea of as nearly as possible the same date, with the intention of substituting it for its "lucky" brother when a favorable chance for purloining the latter should present itself. But before this occurred I was placed in a tantalizing position. My landlady being in an especial good-humor one day, unlocked the old-fashioned bureau—her domestic bank—drew out what she called "the secret drawer," and unfolding a piece of dirty paper, which, however, proved to be a bank-note for ten pounds, showed me "my godfather's guinea." I knew it was the same from a particular mark I had myself made upon it, and had I only had the other in my pocket should have found little difficulty in effecting the exchange there and then; but of course, as usual in those days, I was doomed to ill-luck—not a rap had I about me.

It was like draining my very life's blood to replace it in the owner's (?) hand; but I did it, enduring the while a true martyrdom. "I always," she said as she refolded it, "wrap it up in one of these notes;" and coiling the dirty tissue round it, my guinea was under lock and key in a trice. There is, however, some comfort, thought I; I now know the exact spot in which it lies, I could find it in the dark; what a comfort they do not keep it in their bedroom! I had carefully noticed the key belonging to their bureau; and that very night I borrowed it in this wise. The landlord not being very well—this was Mrs. Allen's way of conveying an intimation that he had taken a drop too much—went early to bed. Just before retiring, I entered my landlady's peculiar sanctum, and noticing her keys on the table, I asked for something which would I knew oblige her to leave the room, and during her absence detached the one I so coveted the loan of from the bunch. I took from her hand the article she had been to fetch, bade her "good night," and before my back was turned heard her clatter the rest of the keys into her capacious pocket, where I was well convinced they would rest till morning, unless anything very uncommon occurred to prevent. My landlord was already snoring. I heard him as I ascended the stairs; and in his happy condition there was little fear of rousing him by anything short of a vigorous shaking. My landlady, honest woman, worked hard during the day; and when she sought her couch fell asleep at once, and paid attention to it. I knew this fact well, because my room was divided from theirs by a rather thin partition; and at times the united conjugal snores were more powerful than agreeable.

On this occasion I hailed the addition of her nasal treble to her husband's sonorous bass as the most enchanting union of sounds that had ever saluted my ears. The servants slept in a distant part of the house. I had no fear of them; and living in the hostel as I did, anything short of being caught in the act of "priggling the cash" I was prepared for. Softly, noiselessly I stole down stairs. The moon was shining through the window, iron-barred but shutterless, and gave me light enough for my purpose.

I succeeded in opening the bureau. I took out the little dirty-looking parcel, replacing it by the other guinea duly wrapped in a ten-pound note as dinky as the one enclosing my guinea. Again I locked the bureau; and finally deposited the key on the floor close to the table where the bunch had lain three hours before, that it might seem to have been accidentally dropped there. I could have shouted and committed all sorts of absurdities in my extravagant delight at recovering my treasure; but I was compelled to restrain myself. I did not unfold the paper—I was too sure of my game to need the confirmation of sight—but hastily pushed it with the guinea into a new case prepared beforehand, and stitched it up.

I slept not, I was too much excited; and when morning came I feigned illness, and lay in bed for fear my intense delight should manifest itself. As to describing what I felt, it would be ridiculous to attempt it. I staid a week after recovering my treasure; I witnessed the finding of the bureau-key by my landlady, before she was aware of its loss, and became pretty well convinced that detection was impossible. Then, pretending business, I bade farewell to the Lucky Guinea, its burly landlord, and smiling landlady; and leaving "the Peak" in its autumn beauty, I journeyed to London. Arrived there, I chanced to take up a newspaper, and in it saw a piece of news which deserved the name of a "staggerer." It was to the effect that my former banker, having been fortunate in his second start in life, was in a position to make amends to those who had suffered by his first false one.

Such things had been done I knew; but when I saw the printed request that his old creditors would assemble and receive their own, principal and interest, I rubbed my eyes, believing they deceived me. Happening to touch the ribbon which was attached to my guinea-case, I felt it was all right enough; and I went to the meeting and received my cash, which made me really a rich man again. From that time I was very cautious, and began to be esteemed a

lucky fellow also. "Indeed," said I to myself, "that must be; have I not once more 'my Godfather's Guinea?'"

Two years after my burglarious act, I bethought myself I would open the little shrine which contained my golden idol, and burn the note in which it was wrapped, that no trace of the deception might remain. I should like to pause here *ad libitum*—I hardly know how to relate the rest.

Believers in "luck," cherishers of crooked sixpences, and all the thousand-and-one articles esteemed efficacious in bringing it, tremble for your faith. My pet superstition was shivered to atoms with a precipitancy which causes a cold perspiration to come over me when I think of the shock my nervous system then received. I would defer the end if I could; nay, rather let me hasten it. I opened the case, unfolded the greasy note, and saw in place of my godfather's ancient guinea a brand new bright sovereign. They were just coming into fashion when I left worthy Jim Allen's; and this, doubtless the first of its kind which fell into his wife's hands, had been wrapped up in another of those notes. I need scarcely add that from that time I abandoned all hope of recovering "my Godfather's Guinea."

THE NEW ARMY REGULATION HAT.

The new regulation hat for the United States army is now furnished by Warnock & Co., 519 Broadway, under the St. Nicholas Hotel. Its appearance is accurately presented in our drawings. It is a pleasant and manly-looking affair, and will, we expect, become popular with the army and its officers. We have seen the hat made by Warnock & Co. for General P. F. Smith, the Chief of the army of Utah. It is very handsome. The hat can be so arranged by removing cord, ornaments and feather, which is readily done, that it can be used for ordinary undress purposes.

Description of the Hats.

First Officers—Of best black felt. The dimensions of medium size to be as follows:

Width of brim, 3½ inches.
Height of crown, 6½ inches.
Oval of tip, 5 inch.
Taper of crown, ¾ inch.
Curve of head, ¾ inch.
The binding to be ½ inch deep, of best black ribbed silk.

For Enlisted Men—Of black felt, same shape and size as for officers, with double row of stitching, instead of binding, around the edge. To agree in quality with the pattern deposited in the clothing arsenal.

Trimnings.

For General Officers—Gold cord, with acorn-shaped ends. The brim of the hat looped up on the right side, and fastened with an eagle attached to the side of the hat; three black ostrich feathers on the left side; a gold embroidered wreath in front, on black velvet ground, encircling the letters U. S. in silver, old English characters.

For Officers of Infantry—The same as for the general staff, except the ornament in front, which will be a gold embroidered bugle, on black velvet ground, with the number of the regiment in silver within the bend.

COL. THOMAS HART BENTON.

As a tribute to the memory of Col. Benton, we give our readers a very spirited portrait and some scenes illustrative of his eventful life. A short time before his decease he presented to his publishers an account of his life, which has been so extensively circulated that its repetition in detail is not demanded in our columns. We give therefore only a condensation.

Col. Benton was born at Hillsborough, Orange county, North Carolina, on the 14th of March, 1782. His father died when he was eight years of age; his early education was therefore very imperfect. His mother moved to Tennessee when his son was approaching manhood. Thomas studied law, and soon rose to eminence in his profession. One of his earliest friends and patrons was Andrew Jackson, at the time of Benton starting in life, Judge of the Supreme Court. When Jackson became Major-General he appointed Benton his Aide-de-camp. It was thus that he got his title of Colonel, which clung to him through life.

Madison appointed him, in the war of 1812, Lieut.-Colonel of the army, but he saw no active service, and resigned. He now (1814) removed to Missouri, and established himself at St. Louis, where he renewed his studies of the law, but soon became involved in politics, and started a paper called the *Argus*. As was usual at the time, duels were consequent upon active partizanship, and he had his share of them. One was forced upon him, and he killed his opponent, an event he always deeply regretted. He took an active part in favor of the admission of Missouri into the Union, in spite of the "slavery clause" in its constitution, and upon her admission was elected United States Senator.

From this period (1820) the great influence he exerted upon public affairs may be said to commence. In the support of all interests relating to his adopted State he was indefatigable; on taking a wider field, he was equally observable.

In the currency disputes which attended the destruction of the United States Bank, he made his most elaborate speeches, exhibiting a remarkable amount of research, a close study of finance, and a full knowledge of the evils of our inflated paper currency. For his zeal in favor of gold as a medium of exchange in place of bills, he won the sobriquet of "Old Bullion," of which he was always proud. From his speeches and influence was undoubtedly finally originated the present Sub-Treasury system.

Throughout the administrations of Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler and Taylor he took a leading and influential part. He differed with Mr. Polk upon the line of 54° 40', in the Oregon question, and finally compelled the administration to accept a less comprehensive line. During the Mexican war, his services and intimate acquaintance with the Spanish people proved most useful to the Government. His counsels were much sought for, and Mr. Polk at one time proposed to confer upon him the title of Lieutenant-General, with full command of the war, that he might carry out his plans without restriction.

In the rupture between Jackson and Calhoun, Col. Benton espoused the side of his old friend. On February 19, 1847, Mr. Calhoun introduced a set of resolutions in the Senate, declaring the doctrines he wished to insist upon in regard to the territorial powers of Congress, the admission of States, and the use of common property, all bearing directly upon the slavery question, and the exciting issues that had been evoked by the proposed restriction known as the "Wilmot Proviso," which required the exclusion of slavery from all new territory to be acquired by the United States. They were immediately denounced by Col. Benton as "firebrand resolutions." Mr. Calhoun expressed his surprise, stating he had expected the support of Col. Benton, as he was from a slave State. Col. Benton retorted that he had no right to expect such a thing. "Then," said Mr. Calhoun, "I shall know where to find the gentleman;" to which Col. Benton responded, "I shall be found in the right place—on the side of my country and the Union." The resolutions never came to a



COL. THOMAS H. BENTON, DIED AT WASHINGTON CITY, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 10, 1858.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

vote, but they were sent to the Legislature of every slave State, were adopted by some of them, and became the basis of after conflict and party organization. It was determined by their author to make them the grounds of instructions to Senators in Congress, and for this purpose they were sent to Missouri, and confided to the hands of Democrats in the Legislature unfriendly to Col. Benton's re-election. Without exciting inquiry, and under the sanction of leading members of the party whose fealty was not then suspected, they were passed in both branches and sent to Washington. Col. Benton no sooner received the instructions than he denounced them as not being expressive of the sense of the people, as containing disunion doctrines, and as designed to produce an eventual separation of the States. He announced that he would appeal from the Legislature to the people, and immediately after the adjournment of Congress returned to Missouri for that purpose. He began the canvass of the State, and prosecuted it in every section in a series of speeches, which for bitterness of denunciation, strength of exposition, and caustic wit, have scarcely their equal in the English language. The Whig party of the State at first sustained his position, but finding a prospect of reaping a triumph of their own from the division of the Democracy, they changed front, and affiliated with the "Anties," as the Democratic opponents

of Col. Benton were called. The result in 1849-'50 was the return of a Legislature largely Democratic, but composed of opposite wings, the Benton men being in the plurality. Many ballottings for Senator were had without compromise; but a bargain was at length struck between Whigs and Anties. Col. Benton, after being more than a quarter of a century in the Senate, much to the regret of a large number of persons throughout the Union, was displaced. Col. Benton, satisfied that injustice had been done him, made a direct appeal to the people of his Congressional district, and was elected over all opposition.

In the House he withdrew his support from President Pierce, and his friends were displaced from all Federal offices in Missouri. He opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and did much to excite opposition to the act, but failed to defeat its passage. In the next election, 1854, he was defeated by a coalition of parties, when retiring from active politics, he determined to devote himself to pursuits more congenial to his age, but he was prevailed upon to suffer his name to be used as a candidate for Governor of Missouri in 1856. Once more laying aside the pen, he started forth on the canvass; he was received everywhere with enthusiasm. His friends, up to the hour of taking the vote, were sanguine of success; he was never so, but felt himself fully repaid for all his toil by the impression he made upon public opinion, and the reaction he had effected against disunion politics.

After his defeat he devoted his time to literary pursuits. Even before this period he had begun his "Thirty Years' View" of the workings of the Government. This was completed and published in New York in 1854. It is a retrospect of the period during which he held a seat in the Senate of the United States, and presents a connected narrative of the times from Adams to Pierce, developing much of the secret history of the men and politics of that epoch. No sooner was that off his hands than he engaged in the still more laborious task of condensing, revising and abridging the debates of Congress, from the foundation of the Government to the present time. In this work, although at the advanced age of seventy-six, his daily labors were almost incredible, and such a few men in the prime of manly life could support. This was accomplished in great part by means of a robust constitution, temperate habits, regular exercise, and daily resort to the cold bath. Over "three score years and ten," his health was still as perfect, his mind as unimpaired, and his interest in passing events as absorbing as ever.

With a strong, industrious intellect, a dominating character, and quick appreciation of men, Col. Benton has exercised a prominent influence upon national affairs. In Missouri his power was at one time boundless, and throughout the West for many years he moulded public opinion to his will. While adhering to strict party lines he was able to effect almost everything he attempted, and often standing forth alone he drew his party with him against the policy of Presidents and Cabinets. In his last attempt of this kind, however, he failed, and was forced to relinquish office in consequence; but this crowning struggle was a testimony to his independence and sense of duty, that will contribute no less to his fame with posterity than the honors which he received through party allegiance.

This eminent statesman died at his residence in Washington city, at half-past seven o'clock on Saturday morning, April 10, 1858. The last request of his life was, that Congress would take no official notice of his decease. It is characteristic of the times to observe, that this dying wish of Mr. Benton was not gratified, but the usual adjournment took place. Would it not have been more respectful to the memory of this veteran politician, if the members of Congress had, even at the sacrifice of a holiday, respected his wishes?



NEW REGULATION HAT FOR GENERAL OFFICERS OF U. S. ARMY, AS FURNISHED BY WARNOCK & CO., 519 BROADWAY.



NEW REGULATION HAT FOR OFFICERS OF INFANTRY, U. S. ARMY, AS FURNISHED BY WARNOCK & CO., 519 BROADWAY. SEE PAGE 327.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF A WILD DUCK SNARE.

THE SNARES FOR WILD DUCKS IN THE VALLEY OF THE RHINE.

Nor far from the river Rhine, and in the midst of a vast plain, is a spot where constantly reigns the deepest and most absolute silence. It is a vast enclosure, forming a sort of square, in which, as far as eye can reach, neither horse nor equipage, peasant nor

series of small loopholes, hidden by matted reeds, so disposed that the hunter can command an excellent view of both sides, without being visible to any creature who may be on the surface of the water.

Upon this pond are generally assembled from five hundred to two thousand wild ducks, fluttering, dozing, chattering and skimming over the surface, and in the midst of the multitude, gliding hither and thither without suspicion, a very experienced eye alone can discern about forty domestic ducks. Their appearance is almost exactly similar, and the large size of the head is the only distinctive mark of domesticity. This unusual enlargement of the head is evidently neither more nor less than the powerful development of the "bump" of crime, for this small body officiate as traitors and deceivers, and are literally *decoy-ducks*.

Their masters have trained them to come up to eat a handful of barley which is thrown near the mouth of these canals, and a low whistle is sounded. This signal is always given when the domestic traitors are in the midst of a multitude of wild ducks without. The decoys then sail quietly and leisurely off toward the opening of the fatal canal, the instant the whistle reaches their ears, cackling persuasively all the way to allure a host of followers, and to delude those on the wing into the belief that they are *en route* for a brilliant festival. Thus they generally succeed in enticing a swarm of the greedy and insatiable birds to join their ranks. Accompanied by a delighted *cortège* of thirty or forty silly dupes, they approach the mouth of the canal. But here the singular and unwonted sight of the netted arch dismays the wilder companions. They pause, eye it doubtfully, and show strong signs of retreat. This is the critical moment. The question is now, how they may be induced to pass this perilous stage, and how

best to conquer their strong suspicions? The snarer, who between ourselves, is a far more perfidious traitor than his winged auxiliaries, has hit on a truly subtle and original expedient for luring the ducks into the nets. It is known that these birds will furiously attack *en masse* the common enemy, a fox, a marten, a weasel, a cat, or even a wolf, and this habit has suggested a novel idea. A small species of dog, whose skin resembles that of the fox, is shown to the wild ducks from one of the loopholes within, at the moment of hesitation, and at this sight the ducks all rush forward with wide open bills and outspread wings. The dog is instantly withdrawn and shown a second time at the opening further on, and a second onslaught among the feathered creatures is the result. This stratagem is kept up without a moment's respite until the ducks are some distance within the nets. The snarer then hastens down to the first small window. There he shows himself, so that he is invisible to the unconscious navigators in the pool beyond, but is instantly perceived by the captive hosts, who take to the wing in terror, and thus get deeper and deeper in trouble, until they are involved in the tunnel formed by the tongue of land and the nets. About thirty ducks are thus ensnared, and nothing remains but to detach one of the movable nets, draw it to land full of struggling victims, and wring their necks one by one. This work of destruction is completed without the utterance of a single cry on the part of the sufferers. It would almost seem as though terror had deprived them of voice. Not even a groan is heard, and the two or three thousand ducks, swimming round in close vicinity, are not aware of the inglorious fate of their luckless comrades. Ten minutes afterwards the snarers recommence the same work of destruction.

It may be asked what becomes of the tame ducks? These sage traitors remain wisely at the mouth of the canal, remorselessly devouring their barley, and preparing for a second course of duty. The chase is prosecuted in whichever of the four canals is best adapted to wind, weather, or the inclination of the ducks at the moment.

In a good snaring-pool from one to two hundred wild ducks are daily captured. The principal snares of Europe are at Guémar, Kemprechtshoffen, and Karlsruhe, but there are other less important stations.

These duck-snares furnish no inconsiderable part of the public edibles. Their mode of capture is original, interesting, and even somewhat dramatic; and we judge that our engravings and brief sketch of this subject may not be uninteresting to our readers.

THE CENTRAL PARK.—The plans sent in for laying out the Central Park are now being examined. The decision will be shortly rendered, and the work commenced in detail.



CAPTURE OF WILD DUCKS AT THE END OF THE SNARE.

equestrian, can be seen. If, by unavoidable necessity, a countryman passes with his rude cart, he urges on his cattle in silence, and all who enter this mysterious place take the greatest precaution to pass through unobserved.

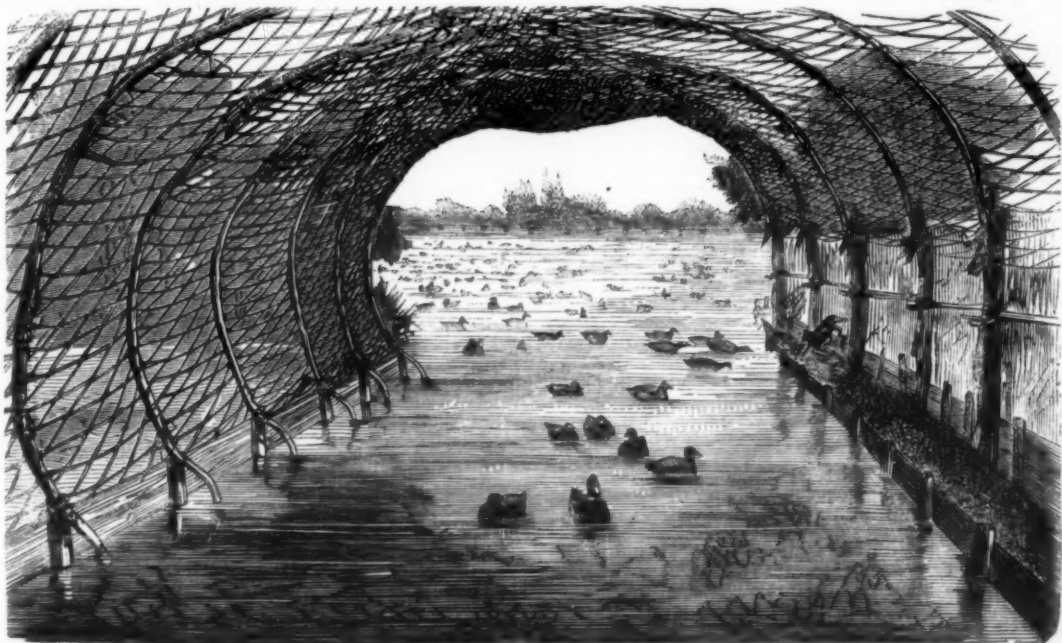
This strange spot is the theatre of myriads of massacres, where the assassins cannot be sated with their horrid work, and where the victims are unwarned by the slightest sign of the danger which threatens them.

This enclosure is nothing more than a snare for wild ducks; the "massacres" take place every day, and the victims are innumerable ducks, attracted by the unbroken silence, which lulls them into a belief in their perfect security.

We have in no respect exaggerated the precautions which are here necessary. The duck is extremely suspicious in its nature; the least noise will suffice to terrify it, and the mere sight of a human being will put it to flight, while the single report of a fusil drives it for ever from its accustomed haunts. When, in 1815, the allied army passed through the department of the Higher Rhine, in the close vicinity of the snares of Guémar, they were ruined for two years. No less than twenty-four months of perfect calm were necessary to give confidence to the fluttered ducks.

This aquatic bird has not only good eyes and ears, but is also gifted with an exquisite sense of smell. On one occasion, the proprietor of a large duck-snaring establishment invited a friend to assist in the sport. He entered the enclosure with noiseless steps, by a little door which was completely concealed. He had neither been seen nor heard, yet in an instant the thousand or twelve hundred ducks who were swimming in the pool took to the wing, as by one impulse, and flew away in a dense mass, turning and whirling in the sky with a terrific noise. The friend happened to be smoking a cigar, and the wind was toward the ducks.

Our engravings represent the celebrated snare of Kemprechtshoffen, situated a few miles from the river Rhine. It is surrounded by an enclosure of boards, in such a manner that any one can pass completely around the pool without being visible to the unconscious ducks. At each of the corners forming the square of the water is a small duct or canal, large at its opening, but gradually narrowing to a point. These canals are covered by a gigantic series of hoop-netting, which also extend up over the land for some distance, forming a sort of tunnel. On either side of these canals, from their opening to their termination, are a



INTERIOR VIEW OF A WILD DUCK SNARE.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.
A new Comic Drama,
THE LOVE KNOT.
supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.
Doors open at seven; performances commence at half past seven.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Chairs, 10.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST.
Return of the incomparable
E. A. V. E. L. S.
GABRIEL, ANTOINE and JEROME.
assisted by the double corps of Great Artists, and positively their last performances in America previous to their final retirement from the stage.
Two great pieces.
TERESA ROLLA for a few nights only.
Doors open at half past six; to commence at half past seven.
Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.
Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress.
BLANCHE OF BRANDYWINE.
Doors open at 6½; the performance will commence at 7¼ o'clock.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, 10 each; Private Boxes, 50 and 75.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—An entirely original Moral Drama.
Written by Mr. H. WATKINS, entitled
THE HEART OF THE WORLD.
Every Evening at seven o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons at half past two o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admission, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.
Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
A select Ethiopian Entertainment, concluding with an entirely original sketch, by S. Bleeker, introducing a new grand Dioramic Panorama, entitled,
THE SLEIGH RIDE.
Stage Manager.....Sylvester Bleeker.
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7¼ o'clock precisely.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—SIXTEENTH SEASON, 1857-'58.—The Fourth Concert will take place on Saturday evening, April 24, 1858, at the Academy of Music. The following eminent artists have kindly volunteered their services: Miss ANNIE MILNER, Mr. HENRY C. COOPER (violin), and Mr. GUSTAV SATTER (piano). Conductor, Mr. THEO. EISEL. DO NOT SECURE SEATS.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8 o'clock P. M.
By order, L. SPIER, Secretary.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 24, 1858.

The Publication of Crime.

BOTH Rochefoucauld and Burke have declared there is something in the misfortunes of our fellow-men from which we seem to derive pleasure. When given by such authority we must take the assertion for fact. And in no practical instance do we see it exemplified so forcibly as in the greediness with which we swallow all the prurient details of our criminal courts and police calendars. A horrible murder, with all its ghastly concomitants, set forth in repeated columns of the daily press, soon becomes familiar to every ear and tongue; and he would be counted entirely behind the age who was not posted in all the particulars, from the hour of the deed to that in which the culprit pays the penalty of the law, or is again enlarged. From this downward, through all the calendar of crime and accident, it seems a passion with the people to gloat over blood and misery. We trust our expression is not too strong; even if it is, it bears not the less truth. It is well known that crime is an epidemic; some dreadful instance occurs of a peculiar nature, and the press through the length and breadth of the land gives it to the people; not many days elapse before numberless instances of the same, with variations, spring forth, to the utter marvel of judicial wisdom, who cannot see the cause of this sudden irruption—of course it is not the press, that great engine is not the teacher; it is its duty to expose and guard against villainy. They cannot for one instant imagine theirs to be a parallel case with that of the hostler, who at confession being asked by the priest whether he did not grease his horse's teeth to keep them from eating too many oats, indignantly denied the accusation; at the next time of confession he admitted having done so, and having been upbraided by his reverence for deception, declared he never knew the trick until told by the holy father himself. We cannot advocate the entire suppression of the publication of crime passing under the supervision of our police. This would be putting a power in the hands of that body, which we would be very unwilling to see them hold, even were they far more pure than we know them now to be. The police is a great power in a great city, a power as we may say of no responsibility. They have unlimited discretion granted them; they are not answerable for mistakes; they are a body of men, each struggling for supremacy, fighting their battles in the time of peace with far more ardor than the soldier does his in war. Each individual member has his aspirations, and each will seek his own advancement either by honest or dishonest means; they are weak, like all human nature, and, dear to a man, love to see their names in print. The result of this vanity is, that the efficient officer, Mr. John Smith, or that great detective, Mr. James Jones, will do many little dirty things to gratify the desire; molehills become mountains in their eyes, and their vivid imaginations work up a case until it reaches the romantic, and goes to press with a blast of trumpets, making some pig-headed thief-catcher a hero of the first water.

This is not the only evil of the system of publication of crime. It destroys all chance of reform, all hope of recalling a false step. The man who by an error of judgment has laid himself open to suspicion, is equally a sufferer with the old rogue. The accusation is made as bad as the guilt. It matters little that upon examination the accused is discharged with an unspotted character. The world knows the arrest, and the arrest is as bad as the guilt. It is useless for sophistry to deny this fact. It should not be so. But it is. Many a guiltless man has been ruined and blasted by the publication of suspicion and arrest, and many a sensitive spirit has passed from the bar of the police to appear by their own hand before a more dread tribunal.

We can see nothing gained by the publication of the arrest and examination in our police courts. If the arrested party is held for trial, it is time enough for publication when that trial comes. The thousand instances where after an arrest, and even after a commitment, the accused is enabled to show his guiltlessness, and the case never comes to trial, are convincing evidences of this. The publication in most cases is simply a puff for some policeman, who nine times out of ten has himself drawn up the report. A puff to him is death for the unfortunate prisoner, who on seeing his name and crime handed over to the merciless consideration of the million, feels there is no redemption, no chance for him ever to regain reputation, and he is a ruined and blasted man for ever. We sincerely believe the public would not suffer by the suppression of these reports. The old rogue loves to see his name in print; it cannot disturb him, nor do we believe it can in any way aid justice. It serves either as a first-rate notice for some aspiring policeman or a spicy item for the daily press.

France and England.

THE probability of war between two nations, with whom our relations are so intimate as France and England, cannot fail to deeply interest the public mind.

Many of our newspapers take it for granted that Louis Napoleon can readily land one hundred thousand men on the Kentish coast, and march straight to London. Others, on the contrary, maintain that England has only to bombard Cherbourg and blockade Algiers to put France *hors de combat*. Let us review the facts.

Forty-three years ago, England, after a struggle of nearly a quarter of a century, overthrew the first Napoleon, by arraying against him the Legitimacy of Europe, backed by that instinctive hostility which exists in the German mind against the French. She was also aided by a party in France itself, the ancient Regime, whose nominal head was the exiled Royal Family, and the old noblesse. After many years of triumph, in which the great Corsican vanquished every army, he fell at last exhausted by his very victories, and the world saw the strange spectacle of a warrior who had carried the eagles of France into the capital of every Continental Power, except Turkey, stake—like a desperate gambler, his last ounce of blood and treasure on the terrible field of Waterloo, with the certainty of final defeat; for even had he gained that sanguinary fight, he must still have been crushed by the armed myriads arrayed against him, advancing day by day, nearer and nearer, like the tread of destiny.

His prototype, Napoleon III., has not the advantages of his uncle in a war with England, whose unscrupulous sagacity and daring are too well known to raise any doubt as to what her course would be in such a contingency. Like the Queen of old, she would offer to that Fair Rosamond, the German Legitimacy, the dagger or the bowl; she would have to choose between war with France or revolution at home. The choice would not be difficult, since they have the experience of past centuries how dangerous a neighbor France is when she is predominant, while England has no interests to conflict with theirs. Besides, despite the freedom of England, the British Government is a safer institution, being a stable and hereditary one, than a series of spasmodic revolutions like those of France. It is, therefore, pretty certain that the whole of the Continental Powers, either in their Legitimate character or in a Revolutionary one, would side with England.

As for Russia, she has put it out of her power to act as she could a year ago, by her experiment in liberating the serfs. But even if she had not this very serious drag upon her wheel, it is by no means certain she would aid France, whatever her vindictiveness against England may be for her share in the Crimean war, since France was equally concerned in that humiliation. Indeed, as Russia has little commerce with France, and an immense trade with England, it is not likely that she would sacrifice her mercantile interest, now more than ever necessary to the Russian throne, to please an adventurer they have never yet admitted to the charmed circle of Legitimacy. As for Count de Morny marrying a Russian lady, it goes for nothing, seeing that she is not of the imperial family, and it certainly would not weigh against the loss of her foreign commerce and the inevitable blockade of her three great outlets, the Baltic, the White and the Black Seas. Louis Napoleon would also have arrayed against him the Republican, the Orleanist, and the Count de Chambord parties, the two latter of whom would unite in one common cause, and as he has not the surpassing military fame of his uncle, and as he is not backed by that almost superhuman force of the first Revolution, which produced its Cordays, Rolands, Marats, Robespierres, Dantons, and other demigods of giant crime and talent, his power of resistance would be infinitely smaller than that wielded by the first Napoleon.

In addition to the second empire having a wooden horse in its midst, England has a French army in London all ready, if set in motion by British gold and conveyed in British vessels, to march straight to Paris, for the ruling sentiment in the hearts of all except those of the Louis Napoleon party is hatred to him. In saying therefore that France is no match for England in the present aspect we are not undervaluing that great nation, but simply showing that a house divided against itself cannot stand in such a storm. As for the chance of a revolution in England, we should remember that the classes in that kingdom are so insensibly welded one into the other, that the Queen rather grows on the head of the state as a flower, or as the apex of a pyramid, which cannot be overthrown without destroying the whole building down to its foundation; while Louis Napoleon resembles a Roman Emperor, who, elevated on the shields of the Pretorian Guards, is at the mercy of their caprice or vengeance, and liable to be dashed to the ground on the impulse of the moment.

The Assassins' Parade in Broadway.

THE Red Republicans residing in the city of New York have been busy for several days past, making grand preparations to honor the memory and acts of the assassins who recently attempted to murder Napoleon. We regret exceedingly that our national fame is to be injured abroad by this misrepresentation of the real feelings of our people. Whatever opinions the truly-enlightened American may have of imperial rulers, there is ever maintained withal a feeling of self-respect which keeps him from looking upon the assassin with any other feeling than of horror, and the idea of getting up demonstrations in their honor seems to be too monstrous for belief. Pianori, Orsini and Pierri are not martyrs to liberty, but victims of crime. We may lament in private over their infatuation, but we can feel for them no sympathy and no more place them among those who have perished to save the freedom of nations than we can any other madmen who, bereft of a healthy reason, have died infamous deaths. We suppose that our naturalized citizens who will take part in the unhappy political orgies cannot be withheld from their intention, but they are injuring the cause which they profess to serve, and riveting more firmly the chains they desire to break. The Orsini obsequies are not American institutions.

The Yellow Fever.

THE arrival at our port of the U. S. ship *Susquehanna*, made a floating charnel-house by the yellow fever, naturally creates some anxiety with regard to the future sanitary condition of our city. It has been predicted by most "excellent prophets" that the vomito was steadily passing northward—that from New Orleans it came to Charleston, thence to Richmond, then to isolated places on our neighboring shore of Long Island, and that next it is to sweep over New York, and thus complete the circle of death. That we deserve a scourge for our sins there cannot be a doubt; but we have mercifully escaped so far, in spite of the neglect of our street-cleaning contractors. But are we thus to be favored for ever? Reason and common sense dictates that the worst should be anticipated, and preparations made accordingly. The city should be thoroughly cleansed; no amount of money expended in this way would be a loss under any circumstances, and this precaution may save millions of dollars to the pockets of our citizens, and thousands of valuable lives. Yellow fever in New York would create a wide-spread alarm, paralyze business, desolate families and demoralize our commercial organizations to an extent that cannot be realized. We should feel the effect for years, for in the ruin which would result would be swept away enterprises and fortunes that years of prosperity will not restore. Shall we intelligently prepare for the threatened attack? or shall we by supineness let the enemy be in our midst before we take the alarm?

THE LOOKER-ON.

THE shaven head, the bare feet, the coarse habit and the humble speech of a friar, were the disguises which Vincentio, one of the old-time Dukes of Vienna, took on his lordly person, that he might mingle with his people on their own level; that he might place himself in such relations with those he governed as to be able to note their virtues and vices, without having his vision obscured by all the keep-your-distance disadvantages of rank and station.

All who remember "Measure for Measure" will remember that Vincentio was one of those whimsical rulers whose history is only written in plays, and in that most veracious Arabian record, The Thousand and One Nights' Entertainments, who used occasionally to travel incognito among their subjects, and thus take an unfair advantage of the rascals they then discovered, and bring them to justice by a short cut. But it seemed to fall to the fate of the monk-duke Vincentio to spy out in the land little but scoundrelism of various sorts, and his eyes were seldom regaled with any special development of human virtues. In fact the virtues did not flourish in his country, while the vices were a sure crop, so that there was little pleasure, whatever there may have been of profit, to the noble lord in putting off his state and quality as the Governor of that haughty city, and reducing himself to the mere quality of a "looker-on here in Vienna."

But our "Looker-On," remembering the old proverb, "there are none so blind as they who won't see," and taking great comfort to his tender heart therefrom, has resolved to willfully close his virtuous optics to all that is not pleasant and comfortable to the sight in this our reputable city.

He will not discourse lengthily of murders, of robberies, or of other popular crimes, for of all these are not the daily newspapers full? Yea, verily, and overrunning. So the Looker-On will obstinately close his eyes to these things as if they were not, and will behold only the bright side of life and livers, and will "play pretend," as the children say, that there isn't anything evil, or vicious, or sad, or sorrowful, in all the world, but that everything is good, and true, and noble, and a long list of other agreeable adjectives, including jocund, jovial, jocosely and jolly.

Then, if we mutually like each other, we shall get better acquainted as we go on; if not, a more elaborate introduction would be thrown away, and need not be here set down. Do not think, however, by the allusion at the beginning of the article, that the writer is the Mayor in disguise, or one of the city fathers under a cloud; and do not expect to meet in the public streets, or in by-places, the Looker-On, habited as a sombre friar, mysteriously gliding about, and occasionally stopping to dot down in crabbed Hebrew characters the results of his observations. Be just, respectable reader, be impartially just, to all parties; acquit the Mayor of being the Looker-On, and do not, whatever else you do, accuse the Looker-On of being a Common Councilman.

Spring is coming—that is to say, spring is come, and summer will be here shortly. And how do you think I know it? Most people judge of the seasons by certain natural phenomena, and would say in words to this effect: The balmy air, the bright sunshine, the smelling buds and the springing grass all betoken spring, therefore spring must be coming, for Nature never makes mistakes. Doesn't she? Why Dame Nature is the most incorrigible old blunderer of my acquaintance. Who, that ever saw his early cucumbers covered under by a late and unseasonable snow, or ever had his peaches nipped in the bud by an untimely "June frost," will believe that Nature makes no blunders?

But I build my assertion that summer is coming on a surer foundation than south winds, or buds, or flowers, or early lettuces, or any succulent nonsense of that sort; on *man*—on man, sir, the noblest work, &c., or rather on boys, who are the sprouts of men. From my window I can see boys playing hop-scotch, and baseball, and leap-frog, and also flying kites. These are forerunners of warm weather, and unerring ones too. Who ever knew of a winter crop of hop-scotch or baseball? Who ever saw cold weather leap-frog, or heard of a kite that flew till after the frost was gone? Nobody, sir, and nobody ever will. Don't think that summer is coming just because you see violets and daffodils poking their noses above ground, for these are very donkeys of flowers, always running studiously into frigid dangers, and they will very likely get their heads bitten off by Mr. J. Frost; but put your trust in boys, as I do, and if Nature corroborates the boys, why, very well—if not, so much the worse for Nature.

Target companies are beginning to thaw out, and that is another sign, vernal and infallible.

And while I write this very paragraph there comes to my ears strange and welcome music, peculiar to the summer; it is not the dulcet and rotary notes of the hand-organ or the hurdy-gurdy, for these are perennial plants, and bloom and give out their noisy fragrance in winter as in July; but it is the vapory strain of a steam music-machine, the accompaniment of a travelling circus. Who ever knew a circus to peregrinate in winter in these latitudes? Nobody; hence, negatively, diametrically, logically, summer is come. By the way, steam music is a labor-saving institution. The machine I spoke of is now, with twenty horse-power, entreating the whole neighborhood for ten miles around to "Away with melancholy;" a little while ago it was making eulogistic melody about "Poor dog Tray," with some original but doleful variations; and in a minute or two, it will extend a shrill invitation to the inhabitants of the surrounding country to "Fill the flowing bowl," or it will furiously shriek that "It won't go home till morning." What a treasure a steam performer would be to a convivial party. He would never get too drunk to sing; he would be insensible to the seductive influences of brandy punch, and cocktails would fail to affect his metallic stomach; he could drink "bummers" every time, see the whole company home, and, as he tucked the last one up snugly in bed, he could lull him to sleep with the melodious assurance that "He's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny."

I anticipate that next year will bring the "Patent Steam Family Companion," with adjustable screws and levers, by means of which it will be made to perform every avocation that household exigencies may require. For instance, when it has finished its work for the day, it will lay a fire under its own boiler, ready for the next morning. Then at daybreak it will make the fires, get breakfast, wait at table, do up the chamber-work while the lady of the house goes to market, carry the master of the establishment to his office, come home, dig in the garden till it is time to get dinner, knock down the beggars, wash the dishes, and then, when all the work is done for the day, it can put on a clean apron, come up into the parlor, adjust its piano connections and entertain company for the rest of the evening; it could also watch the premises and parboil all burglars. Such a machine would soon acquire intelligence enough to go to the pump when the water was getting low in its boiler, and to "stoke up" at the nearest coal-yard when the fuel run low, and it might be permitted to vote under certain restrictions. I believe in the "Calliope" that is, and in the "Steam Family Companion" that is to be—that shall do our work without waxing impertinent, and shall emancipate our wives from the despotic dominion of Irish "help."

The thirty-third annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open at the Galleries in Tenth street. The Looker-On has not yet looked in, and cannot speak from personal knowledge of the merits of the various works of art there displayed. But the published opinions of the art-critics seem to agree in the assertion that the exhibition is of unusual excellence. Speaking of pictures, it is a capital plan that adopted by several of the extensive picture-dealers of our good city, of having always on exhibition a masterpiece of some celebrated artist. Thus a stranger and an art-lover, who has not the social means to command admission to the many private collections of our citizens, may always find a Rosa Bonheur or a Murillo, or the production of some other distinguished hand, to which he can gain access. Why do not the dealers in dry goods take the hint? Let them have in a private room displayed, with every advantage of light and surroundings, a toilette masterpiece. For instance, engage a beautiful woman to wear, by way of exhibition, a reproduction or fac-simile of the attire in which her Higness the Princess Royal of England was arrayed on the occasion of her marriage with the Prussian Prince. It would be costly, to be sure, but within the possibilities, and would attract crowds of eager gazers, to say nothing of the chance of a profitable customer when the attraction failed to draw.

As to the concerts of the great Musard, they have their department in this journal, where they are spoken of at length by one

who has a calling in the musical direction. So I, like the best champagne, will remain "mum." A suggestion to the great Musard will, however, be given gratis. (An irreverent actor-man calls him *Musard*, and says it is no wonder his concerts *draw*. Fearful joke, isn't it; but this actor-chap has been playing in the "contemporaneous drama," so what could be expected of him? Let us pity and forgive.) He has composed a "Beef and Mutton Quadrille," he ought now to give us a "Sirloin and Saddle Polka." A knife and fork accompaniment might be played, with great satisfaction to themselves, by an innumerable army of supers. Instead of a *baton*, the leader should appropriately flourish a carving-knife and steel. There is no charge for this hint, the Looker-On merely reserving to himself the right to nominate a dozen or so of his friends on the staff of extra supers, when the performance comes off.

The great Charity Ball at the Crystal Palace has been a sad piece of business to the mismanagers. They have had to pay for scores of hats, overcoats, shawls, and the hundred indescribable articles of women's gear that were destroyed in the great drunken smashification at the hat-room. The committee have published a long "card," in explanation of their conduct, and by way of defending themselves against certain imputations that have been made. The card is a very lame and impotent affair. The committee say, among other things, that they, or men under their permission, sold and took the money for unlimited quantities of rum, and then they ask how they could be expected to control the intoxicated crowd. Of course they couldn't. But if a man sets a house on fire the laws punish him for arson, although he repents him of his rascality as soon as the fire has got well kindled, and tries to extinguish the flames. And the public will hold the Rum-selling Directors of the Hunter Woods Charity Ball responsible for the rampant rowdiness on that night, in spite of all their long cards, and paid-for special pleading in the advertising columns of the newspapers.

Nothing new has transpired relative to the murder of young Samuels of Brooklyn. Coroner Connery has the matter in charge, and has made a few of his characteristically stupid speeches; but the murderer is at large, both the two men arrested on suspicion having been discharged by the Coroner's jury.

Mayor Tiemann and his efficient assistant, Sergeant Berney, of the Police, are doing a grand work in breaking up the lottery and gift enterprise swindlers. Several newspapers conducted on the gift principle have also been attended to by the police. It is really surprising how many greenhorns there are dispensed throughout Yankee Land. There have been, since the breaking up of the first of these establishments, more than fifteen thousand letters addressed to various bogus concerns intercepted in the New York Post Office. These letters contained probably twenty-five thousand dollars. The Mayor opened three thousand letters and found therein eight thousand dollars, which he caused to be sent back to the proper owners. Then, finding that he could not attend to them all, he stopped taking them out of the office, and they will now find their way back through the Dead Letter Office to those simpletons who wrote them.

In the way of amusements, the fierce attack of tragedy with which New York was seized last week, passed harmlessly away, and the city is convalescent and is undergoing a thorough course of comedy and farce. In other words, Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. James Stark, tragedians, have not been remarkably successful, and so have, for the time, subsided; and Burton, Brougham, Walcott, Blake, Jefferson, and Peters rule. Long may they wave, and may their respective theatres be so crowded that there shall be no room for a single additional

LOOKER-ON.

MUSIC.

THE MUSARD CONCERTS, FOURTEENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. Alfred Musard, who has been proved conclusively, and we may say, triumphantly, to be the son of his father, and not his own father, in fact, as many remarkable individuals believed him to be—this Mr. Alfred Musard, we say, who is really nobody else but himself, has made a grand success. We are sorry that he is not his father, of course we are; but he cannot help that, and so we forgive him, and welcome him for his own admirable abilities and powers, which need no hereditary honors to make them pass current with the world. To us he is the real Musard, the veritable Musard, the only Musard we have ever known, and greater, we believe, in every way than the father from whom he derived his name, but not the reputation, which is his own. Louis Napoleon had the prestige of his great uncle's name, but the prestige and name alone would never have made him the sagacious and politic ruler that he is. So with Alfred Musard; he had to encounter all the responsibility of a well-known, popular name, and by his genius he has worked out a new and brilliant personal individual reputation, in defiance of the old name. Therefore, Alfred Musard, the Musard of to-day, we give you welcome, and snub your stupid and poke-nose detractors.

Great shirt-bosomed and odoriferously-scented Jullien, your nose, to say the least of it, is partially out of joint. To be sure Musard has not yet discovered and informed the world that *Fry* is the original Beethoven, there you have the advantage; but the thunders, the higher law, the moral cussion of the New York Tribune, may yet make him understand that fact, and then you will not have a superior leg to stand upon. Until that time arrives, we will yield you that superiority, and judge Musard without reference to this particular lack of knowledge.

Musard is an admirable, a first-class conductor, combining remarkable individuality with a calm unimpassioned manner, and an indomitable will, which renders the orchestra not a passive machine in his hands, but a responsive and sympathizing organization, which obeys every indication of his will. He has magnificent materials to work with, to be sure, for any conductor would be proud to be at the head of an orchestra so capable in every respect; but his individuality is manifest in every piece performed, and his efforts are not those of any other man. His music, which, so far as we know, is entirely of the dance class, is full of spirit and character, and is instrumented with tact and knowledge of effect of a skillful master. We do not know if he claims any higher inspiration in the art; but if he does, he has not as yet put forth anything to establish his pretensions.

His quadrilles are capital, and take well with the people, and are played better than any quadrille music that we ever heard. The overtures, too, with Musard's appreciative reading, aided by the colossal body of sound, are worth a five mile journey to hear. We hope that evenings of classical music will be embraced in the month's programme of Mr. Musard's concerts. They will pay well, for the majority of our concert visitors really like the higher class of music. A classical first act and a miscellaneous second act, with plenty of lively Musard music, would be an entertainment that would satisfy and delight every one.

ESSELD'S CLASSICAL QUARTETTE SOCIETY.—The fifth concert of the eighth season took place at Dodworth's Academy on the 13th inst. A grand quartette, by Franz Schubert, a posthumous work, was finely played, but the work itself we do not admire; it is neither fresh nor original, and though it contains some charming points, it is as a whole tedious and unsatisfactory. Miss Hartie Andem is a young and ambitious singer, and knows nothing about Mozart. She has all the niceties of her art to learn, and her style is altogether unformed and crude.

Mr. Satter indulged his audience with an original composition in the form of a trio for piano, violin and violoncello, on the subject of Byron's tragedy of "Sardanapalus;" but for any relevancy that we could discover to that subject, it might as well have been called descriptive of Prescott's "Percival and Isabella." The composition is so very incoherent and so utterly wanting in originality, that it is really hardly worth writing a line about. Mr. Satter has not appeared as yet to much advantage in his public performances. We certainly have not learned to respect his revelations. He was supposed to be the champion of the classic school, but he has only established a reputation for clarity and ultra modern romanticism.

Beethoven's sixth quartette redeemed the whole concert, and sent every one away satisfied. We hope Mr. Essfeld will make up a rich and rare programme for his last concert.

DRAMA.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—The tragic epidemic which afflicted the city for two weeks past has fortunately abated, and we are glad to say that the visitors of Wallack's Theatre may now be seen to smile nightly, and to enjoy themselves in a rational and pleasant manner. Mr. and Mrs. Stark have departed, and have carried with them the lugubrious atmosphere which afflicted Wallack's Theatre for a time. Charming comedies and interesting dramas are now the order of the entertainments, and how admirably they are presented on the stage the applause of fashionable and appreciative audiences can best attest. The revival last week of the beautiful little comedietta, "Spring and Autumn," in which Mr. Lester performed the principal character, was a complete success, having been received with unqualified enthusiasm.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—That exciting and remarkable drama, "The Sea of Cortez," or, "Mother's Prayer," has been reproduced at this favorite place of amusement, with all the wonderful mechanical effects, splendid scenery and dresses, and the old cast of characters, which but a short time since gained for it such an unexampled and profitable popularity. It ran then for several weeks, and was only withdrawn to make room for pieces which had been a long

time in preparation. It had not worn out its attraction, and it is only now, in obedience to the constant inquiries for its repetition, that it is reproduced in all its old grandeur. Miss Laura Keene's acting as Ogarita is a triumph of dramatic art; it is a personification of nature so true and so vivid, that it is hard to believe that it is an assumption. We are almost tempted to say that it is her greatest character. No one who can spare the time should miss seeing Laura Keene and Jefferson in the "Sea of Cortez."

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—It is the carnival time of the Ravel family; they keep up their merry court every evening, and thousands attend their levees to pay their respects and enjoy the exhibition of the admirable and varied talents of the most remarkable family in the world. The afternoon performances which they have given for the special amusement of the young folks, have proved a precious boon to the little people, and have attracted, literally, a host of delighted visitors. We do not know at what period their farewell engagement closes, but the time must be drawing near, so we warn those who have postponed visiting Niblo's during these the closing performances of the inimitable Ravel, that they have no time to lose, and had, therefore, better "make hay while the sun shines."

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The indefatigable management of this place of endless amusement, assisted by the energy and ability of the stage manager, Mr. Henry Watkins, has produced another great sensation piece, called "The Heart of the World," which, strikingly moral in its tendency and intensely interesting, bids fair to have as long and as prosperous a run as its predecessors. It is produced in a style every way worthy of the reputation of the establishment, and is received every evening with the utmost enthusiasm.

The beautiful and wonderful Aquarium is an object of increasing and untiring interest and delight. The other curiosities which crowd the spacious halls of the Museum are all worthy of special notice, but are too countless to enumerate.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS.—Now that the sleighing season has passed, and the winds are touched with the warm breath of the coming summer, it is cool and refreshing to enjoy the social sleigh-ride with George Christy and George Holland, who nightly drive from Broadway to Burnham's with a spanking turn-out, and the sleigh and snow as natural as life. The "Old Time Music Nights" are becoming very popular, and will, in all probability, become an institution at the beautiful and crowded reception room of Christy & Wood's Minstrels.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

AN INCORRIGIBLE BOY.—John A.—was a good-natured fellow, not without wit, avowed to tell and spending most of his time in manipulating those rectangular forms of pasteboard which T. Crehore devised and where the American eagle sits perched upon the ace of spades. John's father was dead, but his uncle, a Boston citizen, frequently gave him good advice. John, said he, one day, "be industrious, and with your talents you can make anything of yourself. Suppose you have no capital. Look at old Billy Gray! He came into this city with a pack on his back and went out with a million of dollars!" "That's nothing to my case, uncle," said incorrigible John, "I came into this city with two packs in my pocket and I am going out without a red cent!"

JOHNSON gives the following definition: Garret—the highest room in the house. Cockloft—the room over the garret.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.—Two Quakers applied to their society, as they do not go to law, to decide in the following difficulty: A is uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived, meets B, an insurer, and states his wish to have the vessel insured. The matter is agreed upon. A returns home and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid the policy is not filled up, and should B hear of the matter soon, it is all over with him; he therefore writes to B, thus: "Friend B, if these haven't filled up the policy these needn't, for I've heard of the ship." "Oh, oh!" thinks B, to himself, "a cunning fellow! He wants to do me out of the premium." So he writes thus to A: "Friend A, thee be'st too late by half an hour; the policy is filled." A rubs his hands with delight, yet B. refuses pay. Well, what is the decision? The loss is divided between them.

THE RIVER AND THE STAR.

Faintly on the loving river
Falls a glance from yonder sky;
And his waves in transport quiver,
When that star is seen on high.
Smiles beside you river flowing
Beautifully brighter, warmer far;
But in vain the flower is glowing,
For the river loves the star.

On its ear of crystal sailing
Glides the haughty star away;
And the stream, in sadness wailing,
Recks not yon sweet flower's decay,
Till that faithful flower, in dying,
On his bosom breathes her vow,
Thou, with heart for glory sighing,
Blooms no flower beside thee now.

AN elephant once nearly killed an Irishman for an insult offered to his trunk. "The act was rash in the extreme, but it was impossible," said the Hibernian, "to resist a nose you could pull with both hands."

SPRIGGINS says he always travels with a "sulky"—that is he always goes with his wife, who tries to be obstinate and out of humor from the time they leave home until they get where they are going. The only time she ever smiled, he says, was when he broke his ankle.

A LADY declared that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke.

"It certainly shortens their life," said she.
"I don't know that," replied a gentleman; "there's my father, who smokes every blessed day, and he's seventy years of age."
"Well," was the reply, "if he hadn't smoked he might have been eighty."

PROGRESS.—A schoolboy about six years of age approaches the master with a bold front and self-confident air, and the following dialogue ensues:
"May I be dismissed, sir?"
"What reason have you for making the request, Thomas?"
"I want to take my woman out a sleighing, sir?"

NEVER DESPAIR.

Never despair! when the dark cloud is lowering,
The sun, though obscured, never ceases to shine;
Above the black tempest his radiance is pouring,
While faithless and faint-hearted mortals repine.
The journey of life has its lights and its shadows,
And Heaven in its wisdom to each sends a share;
Though rough be the road, yet with reason to guide us,
And courage to conquer, we'll never despair!

Never despair! when with troubles contending,
Make labor and patience a sword and a shield,
And win brighter laurels, with courage unbending,
Than ever were gained on the blood-tainted field.
As gay as the lark in the beam of the morning,
When young hearts spring upward to do and to dare,
The bright star of promise their future adorning,
Will light them along, and they'll never despair!

The oak in the tempest grows strong by resistance,
The arm at the avil gains muscle and power,
And firm self-reliance, that seeks no assistance,
Goes onward, rejoicing, through sunshine and shower.
For life is a struggle, to try and to prove us,
And true hearts grow stronger by labor and care,
While Hope, like a seraph, still whispers above us—
Look upward and onward, and never despair!

SOME good lady, at the outset of Universalism, conceived a holy horror at the blasphemy of its bold supporters in pretending that all would be saved. It was preposterous; in the spirit that filled her, she wouldn't have a man in her house who believed in the abominable doctrine. She kept a boarding-house, and applied a test of belief to all who sought board. The first who applied was a sea captain, and she began with,

"Do you believe all the world will be saved, sir?"
"No, madam."
"How many do you think will be damned?" continued she.
"Oh!" said he, "I don't know, perhaps a million."
"Well," the old lady remarked, in a tone of content, "that's better than none at all; I guess you can come."

"GUILTY or not guilty?" asked the Dutch justice.
"Not guilty."
"Den vat you do here? Go about your piness."

A STORY is told of a chap at Napoleon, Arkansas, who was drinking at a counter, and withal, being tolerably tight, after several ineffectual attempts to raise the glass to his lips, succeeded in getting it high enough to pour the contents down his shirt collar, set the glass down with the exclamation, "That's good, but a little too much ice, Mr. Barkeeper."

DODGING A HATTEE.—An individual purchased a hat in a store kept by a tradesman by the name of Dodgion; the article was got in the absence of the proprietor, and the purchaser left the store entirely forgetting (by mistake, of course,) to pay for the aforesaid "till." The tradesman, upon learning the facts, started for the levee in hot pursuit of the delinquent. Upon overhearing him the following scene occurred:

"See here, sir, I wish to speak with you."
"Move on."
"I am Dodgion, the hatter."
"That's my fix."
"I tell you I am Dodgion, the hatter!"
"So am I; I am dodging the hatter, too—and likely we are both dodging the same chap."

The scene ended with a "striking" tableau, in which Mr. Dodgion found himself considerably "mixed up" with "Dodgion, the hatter."

CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

THE FRANK LESLIE PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.

We hereby offer for competition, to Problem composers throughout the world three prizes:

- ONE FOR THE BEST THREE-MOVE PROBLEM,
- ONE FOR THE BEST FOUR-MOVE PROBLEM,
- ONE FOR THE BEST FIVE-MOVE PROBLEM.

Suicides and conditional Problems totally excluded. Casting disallowed. Taking the Pawn en passant (when the only move) obligatory. The prizes each to consist of a well-bound book of Problem Diagrams, designed for A THOUSAND PROBLEMS, printed on the finest paper, with proper spaces for Index and Solutions, with a suitable inscription to the Prize-bearers, engrossed artistically as a frontispiece, signed by the Committee of Award, and an appropriate title-page. Three copies only in the style named will be issued. This offer is made by the Chess Editor, T. Frère, personally, with the intention of publishing all the sound and satisfactory problems offered, in book-form, after the decision of the Committee of Award shall have been rendered; selections appearing first in this column. The Committee to consist of three well-known Chess players, not Problem composers. We prefer players to composers as a committee, because we want all the composers to compete. The following well-known players have consented to act as the Committee of Award: Messrs. Lichtenhein, Horner and Dr. Raphael. The problems to be on diagrams, headed by a motto, and the solutions and variations legibly written on the reverse of each; to be accompanied by a sealed envelope, containing the motto adopted and the composer's name and address in full. The sealed envelopes accompanying the diagrams will remain unopened until after the decision of the committee.

In order that all foreign composers may have an opportunity to compete, the regulation as to time will be, that all communications, mailed or otherwise, dispatched to us on or before the first day of September next, shall be considered in time. The awards to be made as soon thereafter as practicable.

Now, gentlemen, if this is satisfactory, let's hear from you. We want reports from all the great guns—every one making his own thunder. The Committee are prepared to "ride upon the whirlwind and guide the storm."

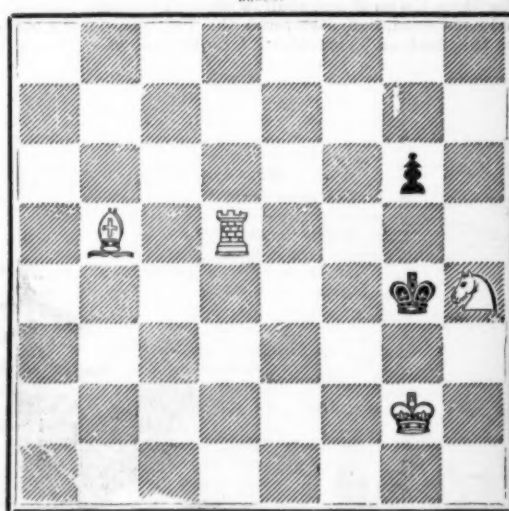
N. O. CLUB CHALLENGE TO MR. STANTON.—The distinguished English player declines to accept the challenge made by the New Orleans Club on the part of Mr. Morphy, in consequence of literary engagements rendering a visit to New Orleans utterly impracticable.

Answers to Correspondents.

UPSLON.—Your problem is defective, as Black could check at least three times after the first move of your solution. J. E. W., Phila.—Problem neat, but too easily solved. A. Boston.—Solution in two moves: R to Kt 3, dble (ch), &c. E. A. B.—Correct solution received. Three-move problem correct, but rather too suggestive in position. The four-move problem is open to execution in three. 1. White, K to Q B sq. Black, K to K 7. 2. White, B to K Kt 2, &c. A. J. HAMILTON.—Your problem is "good;" it is on file for insertion. P. H. P., Syracuse.—One of your four-move problems is defective. 1. White, B to K B 6. Black, P to Kt 2. 2. White, K to Kt 6. Black, P moves. 3. White, P mates. Your other problem we think correct, but the solution too obvious. Your last is sound, though not very difficult; it is on the file, "approved." Dr. R., Phila.—Problems thus far received either admit of more than one solution or are too obvious, except the one in which White K is at Q 3. It is on file for insertion. Please number those hereafter sent, consecutively, that we may refer you to each one respectively. Your solution of CXXI. is received. R. T. LANCOS, Springfield, Ill.—"Stanton's Handbook" and "Agnes's Book of Chess" are the best; price \$1.25 each, and 24 cents to pay return postage. "Frère's Chess Handbook" is also suited to students; price 75 cents, and 18 cents return postage. We can now forward any or all of them. Du. C. C. M.—"Suicides" are objectionable. Yours, in five moves, is not only too obvious, but the second and third moves may be varied, without carrying through the variation to the end, which we consider objectionable in any problem. T. M. B.—One of your five-move problems, the one in which White K is at K B 5, is very good—we think your very best. The other's faulty, being open to three solutions from the beginning. The one in eleven moves is more than we wish to undertake to dissect at present. J. H. M.—Problem dedicated to H. P. T. is faulty. Try 1. White, Kt from Kt 5 to Q 4. Black, Q to K 5 (best). 2. White, Kt to Q R 6. 3. White, Kt to Q B 7. 4. White, R to Q Kt 7 (ch). 5. White, B mates. Also the one in four moves: 1. White, Kt to Kt 4; K moves. 2. Q to R 5; Q interposes. 3. Q to B 7; Q interposes. Q to K mate. If 3. Black, K to Kt 4. 4. White, Q mates at R 3. ISCONRO.—Problems both pretty good; on the "useful" file. C. J. J.—Problem in four moves sound, but hardly deep enough. The one in five moves defective—1. White, Q to Q 2. Black, R interposes. 2. White, Q mates, taking R. Or: 1. Black, K to K 5. 2. White, Kt mates. The one in four moves (White K at Q B 4) may be done by 1. Q to K 3 (ch); K moves. 2. K to Q and mate follows in two moves. As to "the Dilemma," it may be played in three moves: 1. Kt checks; K moves. 2. Kt to Q Kt 5; K to B, and White mates next move. In your other five-move problem, the Black King is nowhere. He has probably gone to make a "state" call, for we find two Black Kings in one of your other positions. Problem in five moves defective, for K at 3 can take White P; then where is the mate in three moves? Problem in three moves, in which the White K is at K 3, is correct and very good. It will be duly inserted. W. W. JOHNSON—"The Suicide" is defective. 1. Black, P to Kt 3, and at 4 can interpose B. One of the three-move problems "will pass," by C. F. J., Jr. (White K at Q Kt 2); the other is too obvious, though correct. This is also the case with the one in four moves. DUNDIN.—Your three-move problem is sound, very pretty and quite new; it is on file for use. S. LLOYD.—The problems handed us are worthy of the composer, which is the greatest compliment (to the problems) at our command. J. D., Portland.—Problem No. 1 is good; it is on file for insertion. No. 2 is defective, being without a White R. PHANIA.—Received. Will be attended to when space admits. W. CADE, Mount Weymouth, Yorkshire, England.—Yours of 22d ult. received. Problem neat, pretty and sound, though not very difficult. It is on file for use.

PROBLEM CXXIII.—By S. LLOYD. White to play and checkmate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

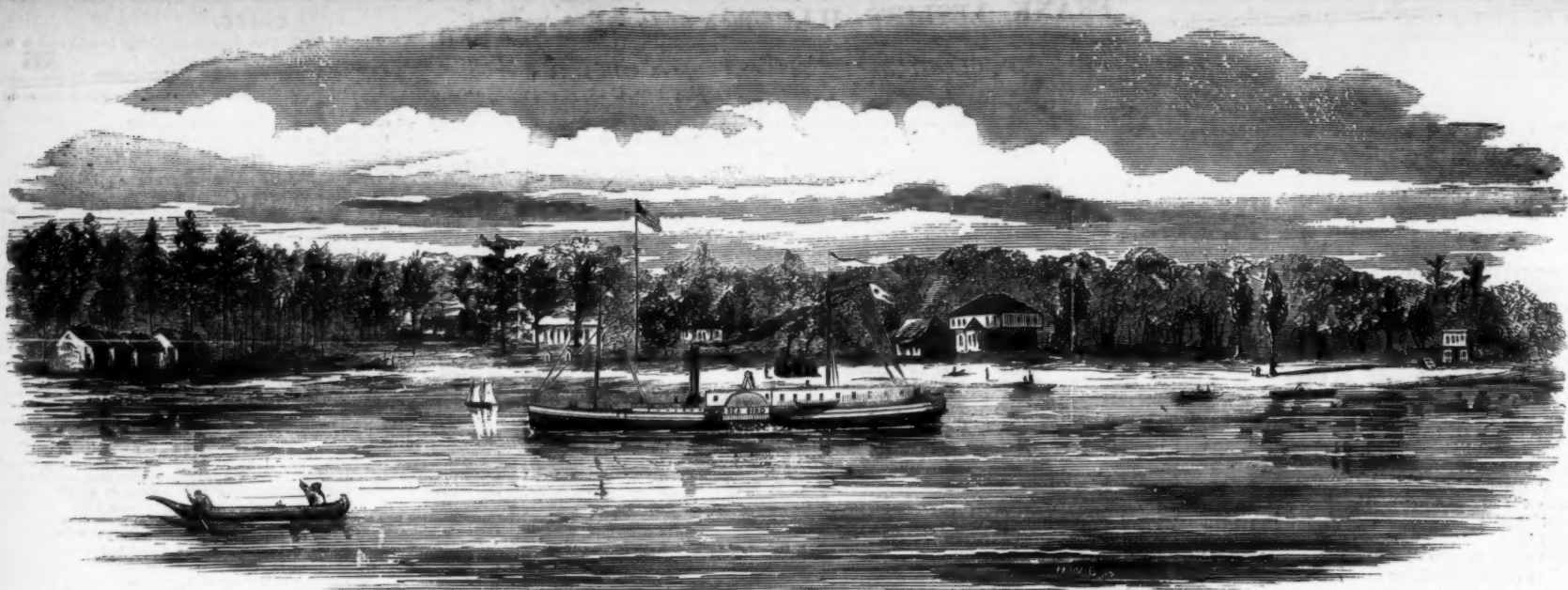
GAME CXXIII.—(EVANS GAMBIT).—Being the third of the match recently played at the New York Chess Club, between Messrs. THOMPSON, GALLATIN and FISK against Messrs. MULD, PIERRE and MARACHE—each party consulting.

BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
Messrs. M. P. & M.	Messrs. T. G. & F.	Messrs. M. P. & M.	Messrs. T. G. & F.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	16 Q to K P at her 3	Q to K 2
2 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	17 Q to Q B 3	Q to B 2
3 K B to Q B 4	K B to Q B 4	18 Kt to Q 2	B to K 3
4 P to Q Kt 4	B to P	19 Q R to K	K to K 2
5 P to Q B 3	B to B 4 (a)	20 P to K B 4	K to Q 2
6 P to Q 4	P to P	21 P to K B 5	P to P
7 Castles	P to Q 6 (b)	22 P to P	B to P
8 Kt to K Kt 5	K Kt to R 3	23 Kt to K 4	K R to K 4
9 Kt to B P	Kt to Kt	24 Q to K B 3	Q R to K B
10 B to Kt (ch)	K to B	25 B to R	Kt to B
11 Q to R 5 (ch)	P to K Kt 3	26 Kt to Q B 5 (ch)	K to Q
12 Q to B	P to Q 3	27 Q to Kt P	P to Kt
13 Q to Q 5 (ch)	K to Kt 2 (c)	28 R to Kt	Q to Kt 2
14 B to Kt 2	R to K	29 K R to Q (ch)	and the players
15 P to Q B 4 (ch)	K to B		

(a) We have heretofore remarked that this move was now thought preferable to the B being played to Q R 4, inasmuch that it is indispensable, in this Gambit, to post it on Q Kt 3; therefore, Q R 4 square being unobstructed, White can more readily repulse the Q with Kt, should an attempt be made to plant her on Kt 3.

(b) P to Q 3 was preferable; this move is usually adopted in the Evans Gambit, but we doubt its propriety here.

(c) The players of White committed a grave error at this stage of the game, in this Gambit, to post it on Q Kt 3; therefore, Q R 4 square being unobstructed, White can more readily repulse the Q with Kt, should an attempt be made to plant her on Kt 3. We think otherwise.



FORT UMPQUA, OREGON TERRITORY.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF OREGON TERRITORY.

Oregon, Its Boundaries.

The distant Territory of Oregon is at present attracting attention, from the fact that it will soon apply to Congress to be admitted as a sovereign State in the Federal Union. Oregon is the most western portion of the domain of the United States. It is separated from Washington Territory by the Columbia river; the Rocky Mountains divide it from Nebraska; on its southern line lie Utah and California; on its western the Pacific Ocean. Its extreme length is seven hundred and fifty miles, its width two hundred and seventy-eight miles, including an area of nearly two hundred thousand square miles. Its climate is milder than the same latitude on the Atlantic side of the Continent. The winters are short, and are not always accompanied by heavy falls of snow.

Interesting Letter and Sketches.

From a correspondent we have received a number of sketches and most interesting descriptive matter, relating more especially to the Umpqua river, which is the third in importance on the Pacific coast, and the only stream between San Francisco Bay and the Columbia that is navigable through the otherwise impregnable coast range of mountains. This river rises in the "cascade range," and pursues a westerly course through extensive and fertile valleys, until it is joined by the south Umpqua, when its course is changed to a general north-west direction, where it is confined to deep canons and small valleys, to within about four miles of its mouth, where it makes a sudden bend to the south-west and spreads out into a broad deep harbor, which affords safe anchorage, and is protected by surrounding mountains and sand hills. The bar at the mouth is considered the least exceptionable on the entire coast, having sixteen feet of water at low tide. Vessels of five hundred tons find a deep and safe passage for seven miles, and smaller craft ascend thirty miles to Scottsburg—the head of navigation; and by following the river banks further on, a natural and commodious pass is found into the rich and beautiful prairie country, forming the Umpqua and Rogue river valleys.

Discovery of the Umpqua River.

In the summer of 1850 an expedition was formed in San Francisco, consisting of some thirty speculators, adventurers and gold-hunters, for the purpose of exploring the coast above San Francisco Bay, in hopes of finding a stream that penetrated the rough and inhospitable coast range, and led into the rich mining and agricultural regions in the interior. After careful examinations of all the streams south of the Umpqua, and finding them too small and shallow for their purposes, they proceeded northward, and discovered the Umpqua, off the bar of which they laid, and were boarded by Indians in canoes, who

were peaceably disposed and desirous of trading. After thorough examination of the mouth of the river, they entered successfully and proceeded without obstacle to the head of navigation. Prior to the arrival of this vessel, no other is believed to have ascended the river, and its size and importance were wholly unknown.

Character of the Scenery.

The character of the country at the mouth of the river is bold, wild and unfriendly in its aspect, and impresses one with a feeling of loneliness. Low sand spits confine the river as it mingles with the ocean to a narrow and well defined channel, and hold the commodious harbor in their embrace. The land on the south boundary soon merges in a heavily timbered headland, visible at a distance from sea, while the north boundary continues for about four miles a succession of sandy flats and hills, with timber up to where the original water limit commences, in mountains similar to the opposite side. The intervening space between the true headland on the north side and the spit seems once to have been a bay, contracted and filled up by sand driven from the coast hills by the north-west wind. On the south spit a light-house of the largest description is in course of erection, and a short distance from it is another building, occupied by the river pilot, and with those exceptions, the austere features of nature in this situation have been undisturbed, and no sound is heard, save the gabbling of wild birds and the keen note of the eagle mingling with the deep booming of the eternal surf. At a short distance from the mouth the river swells northward, forming Wood's and Winchester Bays, both small indentations; the former the usual place of anchorage, and the latter noted for the abundance of fish and shell-fish it furnishes.

An Indian Village.

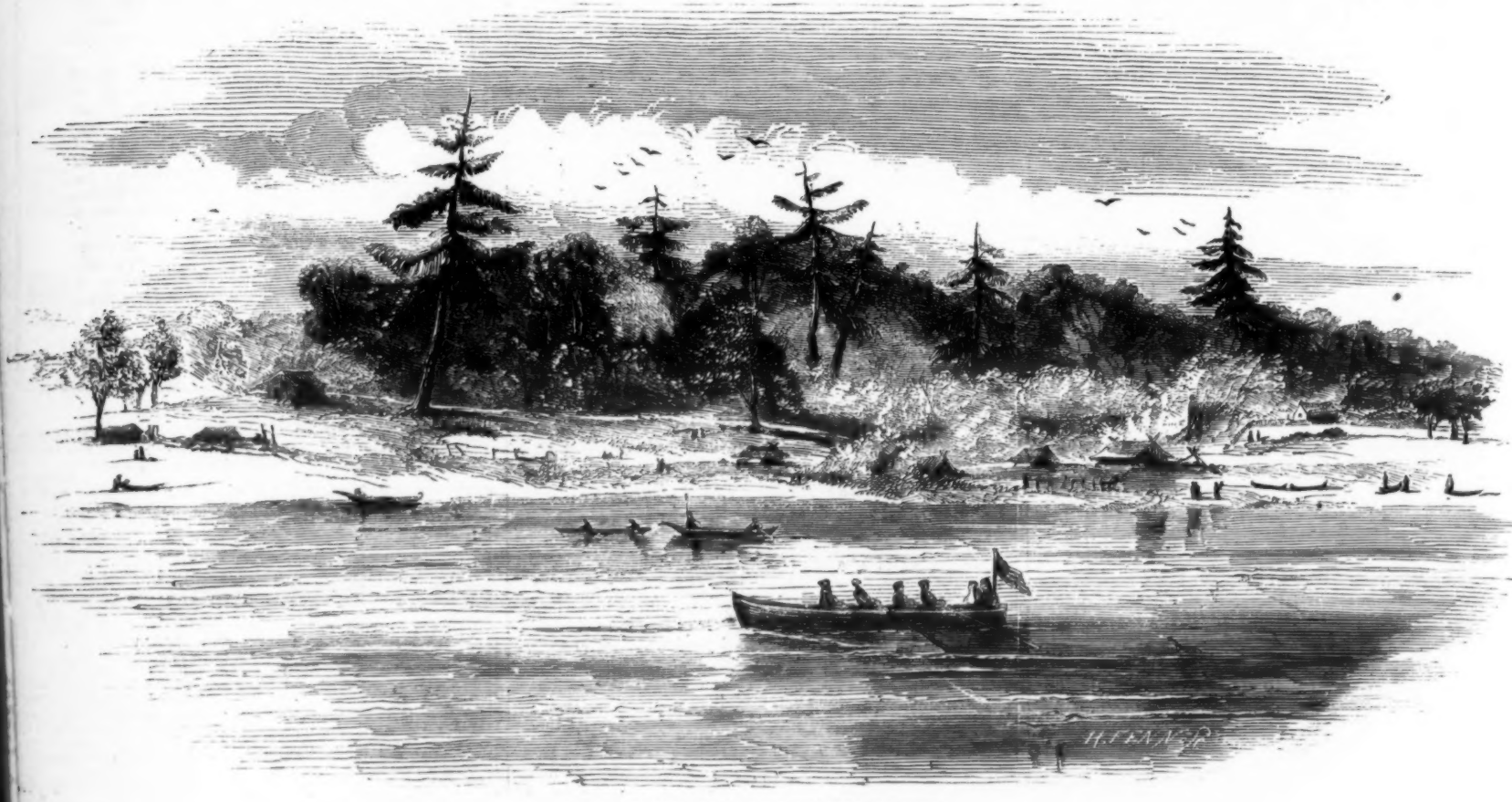
About two miles up on the north side is situated the Umpqua river village represented in the sketch. The lodges are scattered along a little way from the water for about three quarters of a mile, and are built of boards split from cedar or lumber furnished by the Indian agent. In summer, tents of ordinary canvas are considerably used. The architecture of the winter lodge is very simple. A cellar from three to five feet deep is dug and walled up a little way above ground, roofed over in gable form. The fire is made on the floor at any convenient situation, and the smoke allowed to escape from an aperture at the top. The interior arrangements vary according to the means and taste of the occupant. Generally, they consist of mats and skins for beds, and matting of fancy workmanship spread about for neatness or display, with bunks for beds and a few cooking utensils; while some aspire to the white mode of living, and rejoice in tables, chairs, crockery and cradles. This settlement is the feeble representation of a once numerous people,

whose decaying lodges and graves, everywhere to be seen in the surrounding country, attest their former strength, and tell the same melancholy tale of extinction of the red man that is written in similar characters throughout the length and breadth of the land now occupied by his prosperous aggressor. This village numbers about four hundred and fifty souls; so similar in appearance, character and manners to all of the coast Indians who have been so often and well described, as to require but an outline sketch in this place.

Character of the Umpquas.

The Umpqua Indians have been persistent in their friendship to the whites from their first intercourse with them, and in this particular are peculiar. They have intentionally and successfully avoided all of the broils and disturbances with Indians or whites which have raged from time to time in this territory. When the whites first arrived in this river, they lived in underground lodges, similar but more rude in structure to their present winter lodge; and were in possession of a few guns and blankets. They were mostly dressed with skirts, falling to the knee, made of tula grass, and capes of the same material lapping over them, with basket hats. Moccasins do not seem to have been much used by them, on account of the mildness of the climate. From the first they showed a desire to imitate the dress and manners of the whites, and as far as they have been able they have assimilated to them in their mode of living; and many now are provided with comfortable clothing, household articles and other necessities of life, acquired by their own industry. They are quite skilful in the use of tools, and industrious to a meritorious degree. Like all Indians they are fond of gaudy trinkets and flashy trappings, but in deference to the tastes of the whites they are fast leaving off the monstrous bead and pearl appendages to the nose, that formerly quite concealed their mouth, and gave the children especially a disgusting appearance. Pressing the head is to some extent yet in vogue, but is growing less popular among the matrons of this day.

Beside the Umpqua language, many of them speak the jargon used by the Hudson's Bay Company in their communications with all Indians in their employ, and which is spoken by a few individuals of all the tribes of the north Pacific. This trading jargon is based on the original Chinook, which it is commonly called, with contributions from other Indian languages, beside some additions from French and English. It consists of about one hundred and eighty words, some of which of vulgar significance in the original are used in the jargon with a different and decent meaning, and pass current with all seriousness by the Indian; while to a stranger the Chinook in ordinary conversation might sound ridiculous, and produce laughter entirely irrelevant to the subject.



UMPQUA VILLAGE, HALF MILE BELOW FORT UMPQUA.



SUMMER LODGES OF THE UMPQUA INDIANS.

Indian Superstitions.

The Umpquas abound in superstitions and traditions. They have an extravagant account of the flood, and a faint idea of a good and evil spirit. Medicine men and women are common among them, and are the same juggling impostors whose incantations and mummeries have drowned the dying groans of the Indian from time immemorial. Polygamy is general, and wives are merchantable articles, limited in number only by means or inclination. The dead are buried in a rough box, a few feet below the surface, with all of the clothing and trappings on. An inverted canoe sometimes covers the grave, and over the whole a gable-shaped hut is built of part of the lodge of the deceased, whose property with the gifts of friends are deposited in and about the grave, and arranged in the manner

The companionship of stately nature here displayed enrobed in perennial green, to one weary of parched hills and arid plains, is peculiarly grateful, and conduces to make Fort Umpqua, with the pleasures of hunting, fishing, boating and a uniformly healthy climate, not the least desirable place to our army officers, who are frequently immured during their course of duty, where lands of "blue shadowy hills and vistas green" are to be seen.

The climate at the mouth of the Umpqua is similar to the North Pacific coast generally. At the situation of the post the bleak and piercing winds of summer from the north-west are modified by the adjacent hills, so also the south-west winds of winter. The air is bracing and tonic, and would be well suited to the spindled dyspeptics who sustain a flat and miserable existence in large towns.

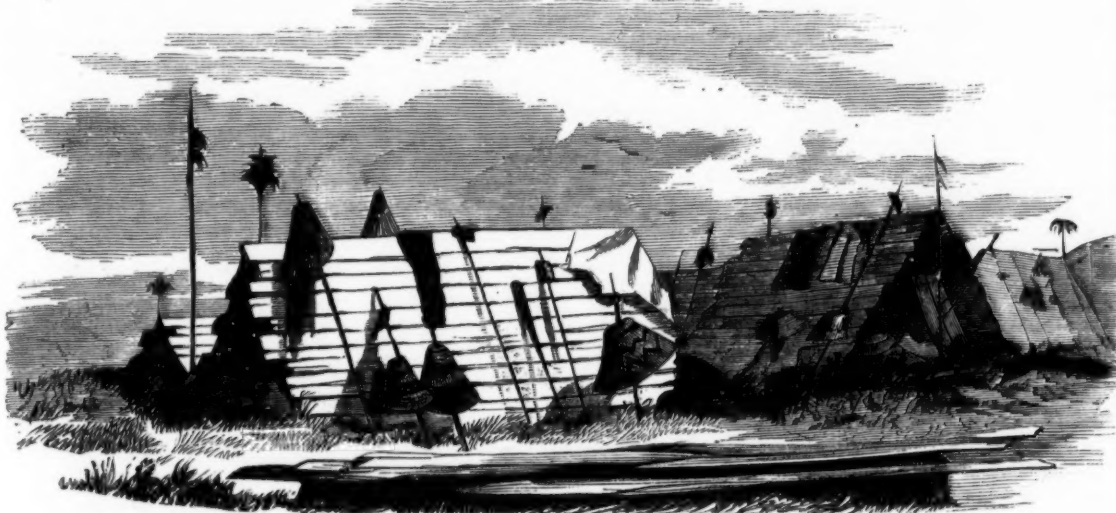
of the loneliest nooks of this beautiful valley, stands an old-fashioned farm-house, tenanted by an old-fashioned farmer and chamol-hunter, named Hans Koppner. A little mountain stream called the Lowenthal runs hard by, and hence the little valley gets its name—the Lowenthal. Hans is now past the middle age, and his hair begins to be streaked with gray. One summer evening, while he was yet in the prime of life, he happened to be returning from a *schützenfest*, or shooting-match, held at the village of Schwarznitz. The red glow of sunset was fading into darkness, while a cool evening breeze from the Vozarberg promised a grateful relief from the sultriness which had characterized the day. As Hans turned a moment to allow it to blow upon his face, a feeble wailing fell upon his ear, proceeding apparently from a clump of *larchen*, or mountain pine, near the path. Guided by the sound he soon reached the spot, and there, sitting upon a stone and weeping bitterly, was a female infant, "a toddlin' wee thing," with but a very few years' experience in this world of trouble. Hans was greatly astonished, for the place was as lonely a one as could well be imagined, and very rarely visited by travellers. Without taking time for reflection, however, he took the child in his arms and carried it home with him.

The poor little thing was dressed in mourning, and looked very neat and pretty. She could give no account of herself, except to say that her name was Gretchen; and the most diligent inquiries never threw any light upon the subject. Hans had no children of his own, and Frau Bertha, his wife, gladly undertook to be a mother to the little foundling. Around her neck was found a ring suspended by a chain of gold. In the ring was set a ruby heart and other devices, quaintly but beautifully fashioned, and on the inside of it were found the letters "M and E." This trinket was carefully preserved. There was also tied round her neck a little silken scarf marked with the name Margaret, of which Gretchen is the German diminutive. For some time after this discovery the little one was feeble and inclined to be sickly, but careful nurture, with wholesome mountain air, soon conquered this difficulty, and the puny baby soon grew to be a very Hebe in health as well as beauty.

Hans Koppner had no relatives in Bavaria. His father's kindred were extinct. His mother was of Italian origin, and he had several cousins living in Lombardy who occasionally visited him. One of these, indeed, came quite frequently. He was a wealthy merchant of Milan, who often had business at Munich; and in his journeys to and fro he was very much in the habit of tarrying a day or two in the Lowenthal. He was a handsome man, and though nearly or perhaps quite forty years old, he might well have passed for less than thirty-five. With such advantages, personal and adventitious, it is not at all to be wondered at that he should be a welcome guest at his cousin's.

In due course of time little Gretchen grew up to be a rustic beauty and a belle, making sad havoc among the hearts of the young chamol-hunters. She had many admirers, but it soon became evident that Carl Orwitz, the son of one of the nearest neighbors, was destined to bear away the palm. To all appearance the twain were well suited to each other. Among the young men of the valley Carl held the same place that Margaret did among those of her own sex. He was a fine-looking, hard-headed, soft-hearted, good-humored fellow, and—a crowning virtue in that region—a bold and successful hunter.

On her eighteenth birthday, a sultry day in July, Margaret was formally betrothed to Carl, and the ceremony was dignified by the presence of the wealthy cousin, Pietro Spontini. A little season of domestic festivity followed, and after an evening spent in rural mirth



GRAVES OF THE UMPQUA INDIANS.

represented in the sketch. Canoes, spears, paddles and other property consigned to the grave, are supposed to yield up their essence and accompany their owner in spiritual form to the celestial waters of the future. While the body is being placed in the ground relatives and hired mourners keep up a monotonous and dismal howling, and for three days and nights the remains are watched and protected from disturbance by evil spirits by the same piteous moaning.

United States Fort.

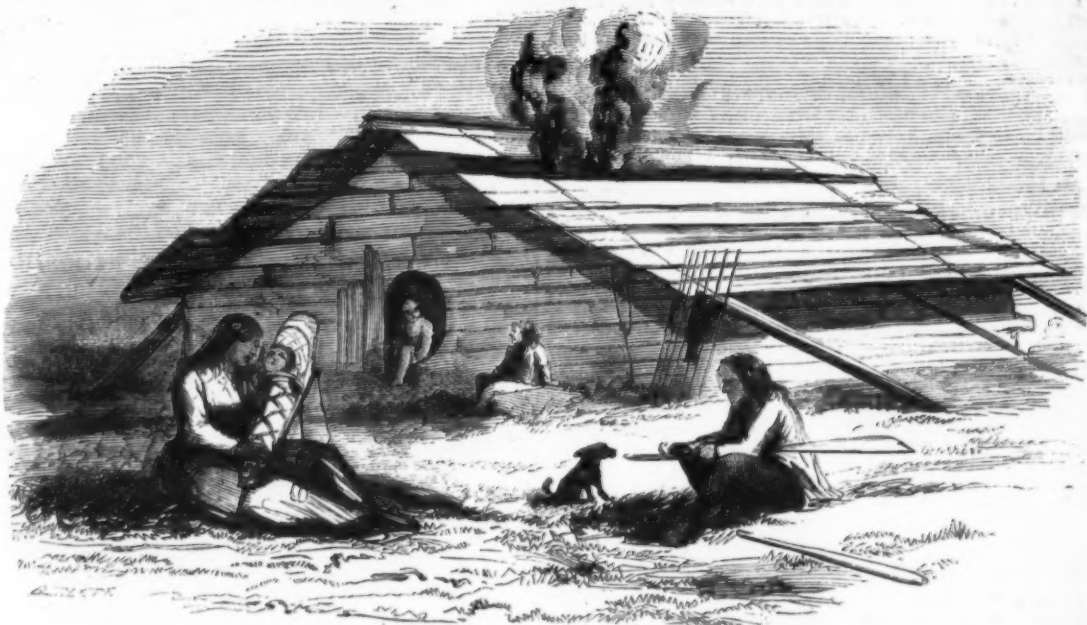
Fort Umpqua, established in July, 1850, is situated two miles and a half from the river mouth, on the north side. It occupies a sandy situation, and is well protected from all of the coast winds by a thick growth of pines and encircling timbered sand hills. It is garrisoned by two companies of the United States third artillery. Situated as it is, at the southern extremity of the great coast reservation, and at the junction of the north and south coast trails with the mouth of the river, its position is regarded strong and important as a barrier between the Indians on the reservation and the settlements south and east of it. Practically, the post is situated on an island, for all communication with it from the lines of travel and the post routes must be made by water. Facilities for communication with the interior and San Francisco are quite abundant. Two small steamers ply as often as business calls between the river mouth and Scottsburg, whence come supplies of all kinds at reasonable rates. Ocean steamers and sailing craft direct to and from San Francisco, offer ready means of travel and occasional opportunities for news and fresh supplies. The river at this point, which is about a half a mile wide, furnishes a variety of fish and shell-fish, and most of the prizes taken by the Indians in the fishery season are secured between Fort Umpqua and the bar. The salmon are caught higher up. Geese and ducks abound in winter, and flock in great numbers in the beautiful little bays and coves opposite, where, in fact, most of the beauty and natural advantages of the immediate surroundings of the post are located. As the misty drapery that hangs upon the mountain side is dispelled by the morning sun, bright green masses stand out in relief upon the dark bodies of the opposite mountains, whose crest and sides are densely clothed by colossal firs, pines and cedars, beautified and softened by dangling lichens and luxuriant mosses. On a tranquil day the view is one of changing and fantastic beauty. As the cloudy curtain fades away, and the sun brings out in turn the bright tints and variegated hues of the moistened foliage, the picture is reflected in the watery mirror beneath, which, if rippled by a passing canoe, is broken into a thousand changing forms and glittering colors. A close inspection of the detail, though it destroys the effect of the picture, is necessary to a right understanding of the composite beauty viewed as a whole.

MEMORY AND MURDER.**A TALE OF THE BAVARIAN ALPS.**

By Giacomo S. Campana.

IN travelling from Munich to Innsbruck, some thirteen summers ago, I spent a day and night in a most picturesque valley of the Bavarian Alps. The house in which I slept was occupied by a hospitable and remarkably fine-looking young couple, who had been man and wife a little more than three years. While there I heard a story which proves that even this quiet and secluded spot was not exempt from the storms of passions, and the dark clouds of sin and sorrow, which hover over every portion of the great world without. I will briefly tell it to the reader.

But a short distance from the dwelling of my host, but still in one



WINTER LODGE OF THE UMPQUA INDIANS.

and jollity the guests took their departure, with the almost unanimous opinion that Carl and Gretchen were two of the happiest and most enviable mortals beneath the moon.

But, alas! it is not only true that "in the midst of life we are in death," but also that in the midst of joy we are in sorrow. Some hours after the company had departed, when silence and sleep brooded over the lonely dwelling, Hans Koppner was awakened by an unusual noise in the chamber in which he slept. He roused himself in time to see a man, just visible in the dim moonlight, stealing from his bed-room—stealing, as was afterwards discovered, in more senses than one. Bounding from his couch Hans pursued the marauder, and was about to seize him at the foot of the staircase, when Spontini, who slept above and had heard the noise, came running down and leaped over the balusters, alighting between his cousin and the thief. He made a grasp at the latter, and caught him by the shirt-sleeve, as he was apparently without a coat. Unfortunately, however, the stuff, like its owner's character, was of a very flimsy texture, and gave way in the struggle, leaving a handful of well-worn cotton in the Italian's fingers. The latter gave chase immediately, followed by Hans. The Bavarian, being decidedly swifter of foot than his transmontane cousin, soon became dissatisfied with a position in the rear, and attempted to pass him, but in doing so the two jostled each other in such a manner that both tumbled down a steep hill, ploughing the sand and gravel with their noses, while the rogue soon passed out of sight and hearing.

Terrible was the rage of Hans Koppner in being thus deprived of the vengeance he had so certainly anticipated. There was no help for it, however, and the cousins sullenly and slowly returned to the house. By this time all hands were up and in a state of great commotion. Spontini still held in his hand the fragment of shirt-sleeve torn from the arm of the thief, and called Gretchen to hold the candle that he might examine it. She did so, but had hardly glanced at the torn fragment when, with a piercing shriek, she fell senseless to the floor.

Poor Gretchen's organization was a strong and healthy one, but she had received a shock which tried its powers sorely. Dangling from the piece of cotton stuff in Spontini's hand was a silver sleeve-button which she herself had presented to her lover, Carl! She would probably have doubted anything short of the testimony of her own senses; but "seeing is believing," all over the world. She was reluctantly obliged to admit the guilt of her betrothed and to consent never to see him again.

The revulsion of feeling in Hans was almost as violent as in his adopted daughter. Without children of his own, he had cherished Carl as a beloved son, and he occupied a place in his affections almost side by side with Margaret. Hans Koppner's sensitive though rugged soul was stirred to its inmost depths, and the strength of his resentment was in direct proportion to the previous ardor of his love. He was one of those men whose anger at being duped amounts to absolute fury—one of those who might forgive and forget an injury, but wilful deception and hypocrisy never. He swore never to look upon Carl's face again, and the most importunate entreaties availed not one hair's breadth towards altering his resolution, at least the letter of it. He was more than suspected, a short time afterwards, of having broken the spirit. With all his anger, however, he was unwilling to lodge information against the culprit. A considerable sum of money had been carried off, but that he regarded as a matter of such little moment, comparatively, that he hardly seemed to have remembered it.

Spontini, however, was made of "sterner stuff" than his cousin, and he had informed a neighboring magistrate of the whole affair before the latter was aware of it. Contrary to Hans's intention, therefore, Carl was apprehended and imprisoned, and the torn fragment was found to fit exactly a rent in one of his shirt-sleeves. He begged most earnestly to be allowed to see Margaret or Hans, or Frau Bertha, his wife; but the petition was roughly and peremptorily refused. Of these three persons, the last-named only had anything to say in his defence. Frau Bertha, poor soul, reasoned with her heart rather than with her brain. She had seen him do it; she was obliged to acknowledge that; but she didn't believe it, nevertheless, and she never would believe it! She would have gone to see him, gladly, if she had had her own way; but Hans peremptorily forbade it, and when he was really in earnest, no one of his household ever dreamed of disobedience. Margaret was never heard to mention his name after the fatal day of their betrothal. In Germany (and indeed in Continental Europe generally) this ceremony has a significance and importance which we in America would hardly think of attaching to it. From that day, according to the custom of the country, she and Carl would have been addressed as bride and bridegroom, and would have been considered as occupying, with reference to each other, a position implying a tie but little less indissoluble than that of man and wife. Poor Gretchen's fate, in fact, was in some respects worse than that of a widow.

The German Courts, in point of dilatoriness, are not a whit behind our own. Months elapsed before the period of Carl's trial was finally fixed. A short time before the appointed day, Hans was observed to be absent from home one whole night. He returned towards daybreak, very dusty and tired, but would not even tell his wife where he had been. That same night, Carl Orwitz, in some mysterious way, managed to escape from prison, and in spite of the vigilance of the police, stimulated by the offer of a considerable reward, he was never recaptured. Notwithstanding Hans's undisguised rage against the culprit, there were not wanting those who considered the sudden disappearance of the latter in some way connected with the unexplained and unusual nocturnal expedition of the former. But as the knowledge of these facts, and the surmises to which they gave rise, were confined to the circle of his own intimate friends, they never transpired in public.

It was a bright morning in June, and the Lowenthal was dressed in a robe of green, gemmed with flowers of every hue. It was Margaret's wedding-day. More than a year had elapsed since the escape of Carl Orwitz, and his very existence seemed to have been forgotten. At all events his name was never heard in Hans Koppner's household. By a long protracted course of importunity, by the entreaties and even the commands of her adopted father, the rustic beauty had been induced to give her hand to the rich Italian cousin, Pietro Spontini. It was evident to all, however, that she was about to bestow a hand without a heart. Spontini was handsome as well as wealthy, and would have been considered a "great catch" by most country maidens; but he had never been a favorite with Margaret, and it needed all the influence that could by any possibility be brought to bear upon her, to wring from her a reluctant consent. Hans shook his head, and feared she was thinking of that vile burglar whose name was a forbidden word among them. Good Frau Bertha assented, and at the same time thought it no wonder that she should think of the poor lad. She thought about him herself, many and many a time, though she never durst confess it.

So the important day arrived, and little Gretchen, to the ill-disguised envy of many of her associates, was to become the rich and dignified Signora S. All were assembled in the little valley church, but in spite of the bright sky above and the gay garniture of flowers beneath, there were very few happy faces in the wedding party. Spontini was but a gloomy person at best, and Hans and his wife, besides their mournful thoughts of the nameless one, were saddened by the prospect of parting with their adopted daughter, who was to depart immediately for Italy. Margaret was dressed in all her rural finery, and Frau Bertha had that morning put upon her finger, for the first time, the curiously-fashioned ruby ring which hung round her neck when Hans first found her.

The ceremony began. Margaret trembled violently, and looked more like a corpse than a bride. This irritated Spontini, who with difficulty concealed his ill-humor and annoyance. Poor Gretchen saw it, and became more and more agitated, so that when she fell

upon her knees at Spontini's side, it was rather an act of necessity than of her own volition. As he took her hand, his eye fell on the ruby ring. The effect of that single glance was absolutely fearful. All gazed upon him with amazement, and some with terror. He was awful to behold. His handsome face had, in a single second, grown so pale as to be actually livid, his features worked as if a moral volcano were pent up within his soul, and there was a convulsive contraction of the muscles about his black bushy brows, which nothing but a demon's scowl could have successfully imitated. Margaret gazed upon him as if fascinated, and then suddenly starting to her feet and pointing at his demoniacal features, shrieked rather than cried, "Gracious Heaven! My father's murderer!"

(To be continued.)

DAVENPORT DUNN:

A MAN OF OUR DAY.

By Charles Lever,

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LORREQUER," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

THEY had dined sumptuously. The equivocal position in which they appeared, far from detracting from the deference of the hotel people, served but to increase their homage. Experience had shown that such persons as they were supposed to be spent most and paid best, and so they were served on the most splendid plate; waiters in full dress attended them; even to the bouquet of hot-house flowers left on "mademoiselle's" napkin, all were little evidences of that consideration of which Annesley Beecher well knew the meaning.

"Will you please to enlighten my ignorance on one point, Mr. Beecher?" said she, as they sat over their coffee. "Is it customary in this rigid England of which you have told me so many things, for a young unmarried lady to travel alone with a gentleman who is not even a relative?"

"When her father so orders it, I don't see there can be much wrong in it," said he, with some hesitation.

"That is not exactly an answer to my question; although I may gather from it that the proceeding is at least unusual."

"I won't say it's quite customary," said Beecher; "but taking into account that I am a very old and intimate friend of your father's—"

"There must, then, have been some very pressing emergency to make papa adopt such a course," interrupted she.

"Why so?" asked he. "Is the arrangement so very distasteful to you?"

"Perhaps not—perhaps I like it very well. Perhaps I find you very agreeable—very amusing—very—what shall I say?"

"Respectful."

"If you like that epithet, I have no objection to put it in your character. Yet still do come back to the thought that papa could scarcely have struck out this plan without some grave necessity. Now, I should like much to know what that is, or was." Beecher made no sign of reply, and she quickly asked, "Do you know his reasons?"

"Yes," said he, gravely; "but I prefer that you should not question me about them."

"I can't help that, Mr. Beecher," said she, in that half-careless tone she sometimes used. "Just listen to me for one moment," said she, earnestly, and fixing her eyes fully on him—"just hear me attentively. From what I have gathered from your account of England and its habits, I am certainly now doing that which, to say the least, is most unusual and most unwarrantable. Now, either there is a reason so grave for this that it makes a choice of evils imperative—and, therefore, I ought to have my choice—or there is another even worse interpretation—at least, a more painful one—to come."

"Which is?" cried he.

"That I am not of that station to which such propriety attaches of necessity."

She uttered these words with a cold sternness and determination that actually made Beecher tremble. "It was Davis's daughter, no matter what he thought."

"They are the words of one who declares that, no matter what be the odds against her, she is ready to meet the whole world in arms. What a girl is!"

"Muttered he, with a sense of mingled fear and admiration."

"Well, Mr. Beecher," said she, at length, "I do think you owe me a little frankness; short as our acquaintance has been, I, at least, have talked in all the freedom of old friendship. Pray show me that I have not been indiscreet."

"Hang me, if I know what to say or do!" cried Beecher, in dire perplexity.

"If I were to tell you why your father hurried away from Brussels, he'd bring me to book very soon, I promise you."

"I do not ask that," interrupted she, eagerly. "It is upon the other point my interest is most engaged."

"He looked blankly at her, for he really did not catch to what she alluded. "I want you to tell me, in one word, who are the Davises? Who are we?—what are we? If we are not recognisable by that high world you have told me of, who, then, are our equals? Remember that by an honest answer to my question you give guidance and direction to my future life. Do not shrink from any fear of giving me pain—there is no such pain as uncertainty: so be frank."

Beecher covered his face with his hands to think over his reply. He did not dare to look at her, so fearful was he of reading his very embarrassment.

"I will spare you, sir," said she, smiling half-superciliously; "but if you had known me a little longer, or a little better, you had seen how needless all this excessive caution on your part. I have more of what you call 'pluck' than you give me credit for."

"No, by Jove! that you haven't," cried Beecher; "you have more real courage than all the men I ever knew."

"Show me, then, that you are not deficient in the quality, and give me a plain answer to a plain question. Who are we?"

"I've just told you," said Beecher, whose confusion now made him stammer and stammer at every word—"I have just told you that your father never spoke to me about his relations. I really don't know his county, nor anything about his family."

"Then it only remains to ask, what are we? or, in easier words, has my father any calling or profession? Come, sir, so much you can certainly tell me."

"Your father was a captain in a West India regiment, and, when I met him first, he was a man about town—went to all the races—made his bet—won and lost, like the rest of us—always popular—knew everybody."

"A sporting character," said she, at once—"that the name newspapers give it?"

"By Jove! how you hit a thing off at once!" exclaimed Beecher, in honest ecstasy at her shrewdness.

"So, then, I am at the end of the riddle at last," said she, musingly, as she arose and walked the room in deep meditation. "Far better to have told me so many a year ago—far better to have let me conform to this station when I might have done so easily, and without a pang!" A bitter sigh escaped her at the last word, and Beecher arose and joined her.

"I hope you are not displeased with me, my dear Miss Davis," said he, with a trembling voice; "I don't know what I'd rather suffer than offend you."

"You have not offended me," said she, coldly.

"Well, I mean, then I paid you—than I'd say anything that should distress you. You know, after all, it wasn't quite fair to push me so hard."

"Are you forgetting, sir," broke she in, haughtily, "that you have really told me next to nothing, and that I am left to gather from mere insinuations that there is something in our condition your delicacy shrinks from explaining?"

"Not a bit of it," chimed he in, quickly. "The best men in England are on the turf, and a good book on the Oaks isn't within reach of the income-tax. Your father's dealings are with all the 'swells' in the Peninsula."

"So there is a partnership in the business, sir," said she, with a quiet irony, "and is the Honorable Mr. Beecher one of the company?"

"Well—ha—I suppose—I ought to say yes," muttered he, in deep confusion. "We do a stroke of work together now and then—on the square, of course, I mean."

"Pray don't expose the secrets of the firm, sir. I am even more interested than yourself that they should be conducted with discretion. There is only one other question I have to ask, and as it purely concerns myself, you'll not refuse me a reply. Knowing our station in life, as I now see you know it, by what presumption did you dare to trifle with my childish ignorance, and lead me to fancy that I might yet move in a sphere which in your heart you knew I was excluded from?"

Overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and stunned by the embarrassment of a dull man in a difficulty, Beecher stood unable to utter a word.

"To say the least, sir, there was levity in this," said she, in a tone of sorrowful meaning; "but perhaps you never meant it so."

"Never, upon my oath, never!" cried he, eagerly. "Whatever I said, I uttered in all frankness and sincerity. I know London town just as well as any living man, and I'll stand five hundred to fifty there's not your equal in it, and that's giving the whole field against the odds. All I say is, you shall go to the Queen's Drawing-room?"

"I am not likely to do so, sir," said she, with a haughty gesture, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—AIX-LES-CHAPELLES.

THREE days passed over—three days varied with all the incidents that go to make up a longer existence—and Beecher and his fair charge were still at Aix. If they forbore to speak to each other of the strange situation in which they found themselves, they were not the less full of it. Neither telegraph nor letter came from Davis, and Beecher's anxiety grew hourly greater. There was scarcely an eventuality his mind had not pictured. Davis was arrested and carried off to prison in Brussels—was waylaid and murdered in the Ardennes—was ill, dying in some unheard-of village—involved in some other row, and obliged to keep secret—arrested on some old charge; in fact, every mishap that a fertile fancy could devise had befallen him, and now only remained the question, what was he himself to do with Lizzy Davis?

Whether it was that her present life was an agreeable change from the discipline of the three Fountains, or that the new objects of interest about her engaged her to the exclusion of much thought, or that some higher philosophy of resignation supported her, but certain it is she neither complained of the delay nor exhibited any considerable impatience at her father's silence. She went about sight-seeing, visited churches and galleries, strolled on the promenade before dinner, and finished with the theatre at night, frankly

owning it was a kind of do-nothing existence that she enjoyed greatly. Her extraordinary beauty was already a town talk; and the passages of the hotel were crowded as she went down to her carriage, and to her box at the opera were directed almost every glass in the house. This, however, is a homage not always respectful, and in the daring looks of the men, and the less equivocal glances of the women, Beecher read the judgment that had been pronounced upon her. Her manner, too, in public had a certain fearless gaiety about it that was sure to be severely commented on, while the splendor of her dress was certain to be not less mercifully interpreted.

To have the charge of a casket of jewels through the thieves' quarter of London was the constant similitude that rose to Beecher's mind as he descended the stairs at her side. To be obliged to display her to the wondering gaze of some hundred idlers, the dissipated and debauched loungers of watering-place, men of bad lives and worse tongues; to mark the staring insolence of some, and the quizzical impertinence of others; to see how narrowly each day they escaped some more overt outrage from that officious politeness that is tendered to those in equivocal positions; were tortures that half-maddened him. Nor could he warn her of the peril they stood in, or dare to remonstrate about many little girlish ways which savored of levity. The scene of the theatre in Brussels was never off his mind, and the same one idea continually haunted him, that poor Hamilton's fate might be his own. The characters of the world are always cowards as to responsibility, they feel that there is a law in their natures that must smother them if pressed upon; and so was it here. Beecher's life was actual misery, and each morning he awoke the day seemed full of menace and misfortune to him. In his heart, he knew that if an emergency arose he should be found wanting; he'd either not think of the right thing, or have luck for it if he even thought it; and then, whatever trouble or mishap he came through, there still remained worse behind—the settlement with Grog himself at the end.

Like most persons who seek the small consolation of falling back on their own foresight, he called to mind how often he had said to himself that nothing but ill could come of journeying with Grog Davis—he knew it—he was sure of it. A fellow to conspire with about a "plant"—a man to concert with on a race, or a "safe thing with the cards," was not exactly a meet travelling companion, and he fretted over the fatal weakness that had induced his acceptance of him. They had only just started, and their troubles had already begun! Even if Davis himself were there, matters might not be so bad. Grog was always ready to "turn out," and have a shot with anyone. It was a sort of pastime he rather liked when nothing else was stirring, it seemed like keeping his hand in; but confound the fellow! he had gone off, and left in his place one who had a horror of hair-triggers, and shuddered at the very thought of a shot-wound.

He was far too conversant with the habits of demi-monde existence not to see that the plot was thickening, and fresh dangers clustering round him. The glances in the street were hourly growing more familiar—the looks were half recognitions. Half a dozen times in the morning, well-dressed and well-bearded strangers had bolted into their sitting-room in mistake, and while apologizing for their blunder, delayed unnecessarily long over the explanation.

The waiter significantly mentioned that Prince Bottolfsky was then stopping at the hotel, with seven carriages and eighteen servants. The same intelligent domestic wondered they never went to see Count Caspovitch's camellias—"he had sent a bouquet of them that very day to her ladyship." And Beecher groaned in his spirit as the fellow produced it.

"I see how it's all to end," muttered he, as he paced the room, unable any longer to conceal the misery that was consuming him. "One of those confounded foreigners will come swaggering up to talk to her on the promenade, and then I'm in for it. It's all Davis's fault. It's all his fault. Why can't he look like other people—dressed like them—walk like them? What stuff and nonsense it is for her to be going about the world like a princess royal. It was only last night she wore a Brussels lace shawl at the opera that cost five thousand francs, and when it caught on a nail in the box and was torn, she laughed, and said, 'Annette will be charmed with this disaster, for she was always coveting this lace, and wondering when she was to have it.' That's the fine 'bringing up' old Grog is so proud of! If she were a countess in her own right, with ten thousand a year, she'd be a bad bargain!"

Ah, Beecher! your heart never went with you when you made this cruel speech; you uttered it in spleen and bitterness, but not in sincerity; for already in that small compartment of your nature where a few honest affections yet lingered she was treasured, and had you known how to do it, you would have loved her. Poor devil as he was, life was a hard battle to him; always over head and ears in debt; protested bills meeting him at every moment; due rising before him at every turn. Levity was to him, as to many, a mere mask over fear, and he walked the world in the hourly terror that any moment might bring him to shame and ruin. If he were a few minutes alone, his melancholy was almost despair, and over and over had he pictured to his mind a scene in the police court, where he was called on to find full and sufficient bail for his appearance on trial. From such sorrowful thoughts he made his escape to rush into society—anywhere, anyhow—and by the revulsion of his mind, came that rattling and boisterous gaiety that made him seem the most light-hearted fellow in existence. Such men are always making bonfires of their household gods, and have nothing to greet them when they are at home.

What a fascination must Lizzy Davis have exercised over such a mind! Her beauty and her gracefulness would not have been enough without her splendid dressing, and that indescribable elegance of manner which was native to her. Then how she amused him!—what droll caricatures did she sketch of the queer originals of the place—the bearded old colonels, or the pretentious loungers that frequented the "Cursaal"! How witty the little epigrams by which she accompanied them, and how charmingly at a moment would she sit down at the piano and sing for him anything, from a difficult "sings" from Verdi to some floating barcarole of Venice! She could—let us tell it in one word—make him laugh; and oh, dearly valued reader! what would you or I give for the company of any one who could do as much? The world is full of learned people, and clever people. There are Bourne men, and pre-Raphaelite men, and Old-red-sandstone men, and Greek particle men; but where are the pleasant people one used to chat with long ago, who, though talking of mere common-places, threw out little sparks of fun—fire-dies in the dark copse—giving to what they said that smack of epigram that spiced talk but never over-seasoned it; whose genial sympathy sent a warm life-blood through every theme, and whose outspoken heartiness refreshed one after a cold bath of polite conventionalities. If they still exist upon this earth, they must be hiding themselves, wisely seeing it is not an age to suit them; they lie quiet under the ice, patiently hibernating till another summer may call them forth to vitality.

Now Lizzy Davis could make Beecher laugh in his lowest and gravest moments; droll situations and comical conceits came in showers over her mind and she gave them forth with all the tact of a consummate actress. Her mimicry, too, was admirable, and thus he who rarely reflected, and never read, found in her ready talents resources against all weariness and ennui. What a girl she was!—how perfectly she would become any—the very highest—station! what natural dignity in her manner!—and—Then, after a pause, he murmured, "What a fortune she'd make on the stage! Why, there's nothing to compare with her—she's as much beyond them all in beauty as in genius!" And so he sat about thinking how, by marrying her, a man might make a "deuced good thing of it." There's no saying what Webster wouldn't offer; and then there was America, always a "safe card"; not that it would do for himself to think of such a thing. Lackington would never speak to him again. All his family would cut him dead; he hadn't an acquaintance would recognize him after such disgrace.

"Old Grog is so confoundingly well known!" muttered he, "the scoundrel is so notorious!" Still, there were fellows wouldn't mind that—hard-up men, who had done everything and found all failure. He knew—"Let us see," said he to himself, beginning to count on his fingers all the possible candidates for her hand. "There's Granahave Craven at ten, on two hundred a year; he'd marry her, and never ask to see her if she'd settle twenty thousand francs a year on him. Brownlow Gore would marry her, and for a mere five hundred too, for he wants to try that new martingale at Ems; he's certain he'd break the bank with less. Foley would marry her; but, to be sure, he has a wife somewhere, and she might object to that! I'd lay an even fifty," cried he, in ecstasy at the bright thought, "Tom Beresford would marry her, just to get out of the Fleet!"

"What does that wonderful calculation mean?" cried she, suddenly, as she saw him still reckoning on his fingers. "What deep process of reasoning is my learned guardian engaged in?"

"I'd give you a long time to guess," said he, laughing.

"You are computing, perhaps, one by one, all your fashionable friends who would be shocked by my levity—that's the phrase, I believe—meaning these outspoken impertinences you encourage me to utter about everything and everybody?"

"Far from it. I was—"

"Oh! of course, you were charmed," broke she in; "and so you ought to be, when one performs so dangerous a trick to amuse you. The audience always applauds the rope-dancer that perils his neck; and you'd be worse than ungrateful not to screen me when I'm satirized. But it may relieve somewhat the load of obligation when I say that I utter these things just to please myself. I bear the world no ill will, it is true; but I'm very fond of laughing at it."

"In the name and on behalf of that respectable community, let me return you my thanks," said he, bowing.

"Remember," said she, "how little I really know of what I ridicule, and so let my ignorance atone for my ill-nature; and now, to come back, what was it that you were counting so patiently on your fingers? Not my faults, I'm certain, or you'd have had both hands."

"I'm afraid I could scarcely tell you," said he, "though somehow I feel that if I knew you a very little longer, I could tell you almost anything."

"I wish you could tell me that this plea-ant was coming. What is this?" asked she, as the waiter entered, and presented her with a visiting-card.

"Monsieur le count desires to know if Mademoiselle will receive him," said the man.

"What, how? What does this mean?" exclaimed Beecher, in terror and astonishment.

"Yes," said she, turning to the waiter, "say, 'with pleasure.'"

"Gracious mercy!" exclaimed Beecher, "you don't know what you're doing. Have you seen this person before?"

"Never!"

"Never heard of him?"

"Never," said she, with a faint smile, for the sight of his terror amused her.

"But who is he, then? How has he dared—"

"Nay," said she, holding behind her back the visiting-card, which he endeavored to snatch from her hand, "this is my secret!"

"This is intolerable!" cried Beecher. "What is your father to think of your admitting an utter stranger to visit you—a fellow Heaven knows—"

(To be continued.)

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FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS
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Radway's Ready Relief will, in a few minutes—
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other diseases arising from an impure state of the
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R. R. R.—Radway's Regulators will cure effectively and
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The counterfeit (small size) may be easily distinguished from the
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light blue ink, while in the genuine it is in dark blue, or nearly
green ink.
Beware of this counterfeit; touch it not if you would not lose
your money. To dealers we would say that, should any be offered
below less than our published rates, they may be sure it is counter-
feit. Also to be on their guard against any parties purporting to be
agents of ours, as the scoundrel counterfeiting have done. The
only travelling agents we have are W. R. Melvin, E. Dupont,
Timothy Wood and A. Bland. Credit none unless they have cer-
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ITS UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS,
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of civilized men, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has been found
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returns, and with it his strength. The dart which pierced
his side is broken. Scarcely any neighborhood can be
found which has not some living trophy like this to shadow
forth the virtues which have won for the CHERRY PECTORAL
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here. Nay, it accomplishes more by prevention than cure.
The countless colds and coughs which it cures are the seed
which would have ripened into a dreadful harvest of in-
curable disease. Influenza, Croup, Bronchitis, Hoarse-
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if taken in season. Every family should have it by them,
and they will find it an invaluable protection from the in-
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Authenticated evidence of these facts, with directions for
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LOTTERIES.—The Lotteries of SAMUEL SWAN
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that everything connected with them is done in a strictly
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The drawing is upon the principle of one number upon
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Write your address plainly, and direct to
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Mr. Grumby considers Mrs. Skinfint's charge enormous—thirty dollars a month for board and etceteras, with such a vinegar landlady, is enough to ruin any man. He won't stay in the house another minute.



Mr. Grumby changes his boarding-house. He does not consider sixty dollars a month of any account when presented by the pretty Miss Primrose. He considers the extras very reasonable indeed—very.

A LEGITIMATE GIFT ENTERPRISE DEFENDED.

EVANS & CO.

In reply to a Libellous Weekly.

Messrs. Evans take their stand on Arbitrary Dividends. At intervals of a fortnight during the past ten weeks a paper, celebrated for the trashiness, nastiness and bad grammar of its widely-puffed stories, has seen fit to libel, indiscriminately, all engaged in the Gift Enterprise business. It has sought to confound in public regard the

Admittedly legitimate book business of this concern with the "policy, pencil and lottery swindles," against which we are glad to see Mayor Tiemann now taking such vigorous and effectual steps; and it has labored recklessly and persistently to create an impression throughout the country that all Gift Enterprises, of whatever kind, have been broken up by the action of our worthy Mayor. Now we wish our country friends to understand, as it is already understood by all in this city, that Mayor Tiemann has proved himself the best friend of the honest Gift Enterprise by sweeping away those unprincipled and fraudulent concerns, through the agency of which a fair, respectable, and widely useful business was falling into distrustfulness and disrepute.

We are sincerely thankful for the late vigorous measures on this subject, and the result has been to place our business on a recognized legal footing, neither subject to any interference from the law, nor bound to submit in silence to such slanders as the editor of the libellous sheet in question has paid his damaged novelette-writers, both male and female, to pour out upon us.

We say on us, though the attack was general—the libeller knowing his weakness too well to provoke a direct personal issue; but, as the inventors and originators of a system by which we claim to have done great public good in the diffusion of intelligence, we reply individually to an attack which attempts to cover both the innocent and guilty with one common disgrace.

As stated very fairly in the *Herald* of last week, the real motive of the attack made by the weakly and demoralizing journal in question, will be found in this: that certain "journals, treading on the same ground, though not so stupid or besotted as the libelling sheet, have lately put in practice the idea first conceived by Messrs. Evans, of getting patronage by occasional dividends of profit with the subscribers, instead of paying agents an enormous percentage for each subscription, or advertising through disguised columns of the daily press an idiotical repetition of the request to 'read Flan's New Story!' Hence, and from hence only," goes on the *Herald*, "and with this explanation, the public, even the 'country people,' we think, will be able to place a due estimate on the value, fairness and disinterestedness of this paper's criticisms." Now, as between the sound standard literature which we aid in diffusing—being at present, without any doubt, the most extensive retail booksellers in the United States, and not having any but standard works in all departments of learning in our catalogue—compared with that morbid, sick, miserable, demoralizing and maudlin trash retailed in weekly dribbles by the journal which has libelled us, we are not only willing but anxious that a just comparison should be made. By none but green, sick school-girls, decayed spinsters of limited education, or factory-boys in the last stages of dyspepsia, can this patched, piebald, and cobbled journal be preferred. To confess reading it is a confession of so much imbecility; to confess liking it (if any one ever did that), would justify the most active interposition of solicited friends! Our business stands on a broader and firmer basis to-day than ever heretofore. Amid all the prosecutions going on, the legitimacy of our system has never once been questioned. We stand as the recognized peers of the first book-publishing houses throughout the country, and all the first publishers in the States have testified their confidence in us by allowing their names to be used in our catalogues as references for "the strict integrity, promptness and honor with which we have at all times managed our difficult and enormous business."

IN OUR GIFTS OR ARBITRARY DIVIDENDS We share with customers the profits resulting from our sales of books at the regular retail prices—often below the regular retail prices—by allowing ARBITRARY DIVIDENDS of different values to each, and as the average retail price of books is full fifty per cent. more than their wholesale cost, where cash is paid, and the orders so large as ours, we are thus enabled on every thousand dollars' worth of books sold by us to divide JEWELLERY, WATCHES, &c. WORTH AT RETAIL FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, AMONG THE PURCHASERS.

and in proof of our good faith in this assertion we are willing to throw open our books to Mayor Tiemann or any other of the constituted authorities, whenever legally or even politely so requested.

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LEGAL NOTICE TO ALL WHO MAY ASSERT OR REPORT THAT THE GIFT BOOK BUSINESS OF EVANS & CO. IS ILLEGAL, OR HAS BEEN BROKEN UP.

WHEREAS, Reports have been circulated by parties jealous of and injured by our success, that the Gift Book business which we originated four years ago, and still conduct, was interfered with and broken up by the legal authorities of this city: And whereas such reports as regards us are utterly unfounded, false, and put forth with design to injure: And whereas, on the contrary, we court legal investigation as to the lawfulness, integrity and good faith with which our business is and ever has been conducted, but found no one in authority to question us.

NOW THEREFORE, This is to give notice to all whom it may concern that we shall hereafter prosecute all such libellers with the utmost rigor of the law, and shall be happy in every case to pay liberally for such evidence as shall lead to their conviction and punishment.

AND FURTHER NOTICE IS GIVEN, That we shall in all cases aid the CONSTITUTED AUTHORITIES in their righteous endeavors to expose, punish and break up all fraudulent concerns purporting to do business in imitation of our plan, while really only using the name which our labors have made valuable and respected, as a cloak for lottery and other gambling schemes of the most base and criminal character; and we shall pay liberally in every case for such information as will lead to the detection and punishment of any parties engaged therein.

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Our dear old friend Briggs—having taken the receipt for horse-teming from the papers—tries some experiments upon an animal that he had picked up a bargain!